National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXI. NO. 46. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1861. WHOLE NO. 1,086.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,
AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York.
AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
107 N. Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK." Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING NATIONAL UNITY.

From the Journal of Commerce.

A SOCIETY thus designated has been organized in this city, within the last few days, the object of which, as stated in its Constitution, is "to promote the union and welfare of our common country, by addresses, publications, and all other suitable means adapted to elucidate and inculcate, in accordance with the word of God, the duties of American citizens, especially in relation to slavery." All publications issued by the Society must first be examined and recommended by a Committee of Publication appointed by the Executive Committee. The officers, exclusive of Vice-Presidents, are as follows:

President—SAMUEL F. B. MORSE, New York.

Executive Committee.

John W. Mitchell, N. Y.
Sidney E. Morse, N. Y.
Benj. Douglass, N. Y.
Lucius Hopkins, N. Y.
J. T. Moore, N. Y.
J. H. Brower, N. Y.
Thos. Tileston, N. Y.
Francis Hopkins, N. Y.
H. J. Baker, N. Y.
Edwin Croswell, N. Y.
William H. Price, N. Y.
Cornelius Dubois, N. Y.
J. B. Waterbury, Brooklyn.
J. Holmes Agnew, N. Y.
A. G. Jennings, Brooklyn.

S. F. B. Morse,
James T. Soutter,
Hubbard Winslow,
Seth Bliss,
Ex-officio.

Treasurer—JAMES T. SOUTTER, New York.
Secretaries—HUBBARD WINSLOW, N. Y., SETH BLISS, N. Y.

In the hands of such men, we need not say to those who know them, the interests of the Society are safe, and of the country also, to the extent of the influence they may be able to exert in its behalf. Our only regret is, that this Society, or some other like it, had not been formed thirty years ago, in the infancy of the abolition heresy, and vigorously conducted ever since, employing among its "instrumentalities" a small army of talented lecturers, to follow in the wake of, or precede, abolition lecturers; and, in short, to counteract by all proper means the sowing of abolition tares, or to pluck them up and destroy them. Had this been done, there is every reason to believe that the deplorable events of the past few months would not have occurred. The following Preamble, or Programme, has been put forth by the Society, by way of introducing themselves and their purposes to the public:

At a meeting held March 6, 1861, in the city of New York, a number of gentlemen having conferred together respecting the present state of our country, unanimously agreed upon an organized effort, irrespective of all sectional or political action, for the purpose of removing the causes of difference, and producing unity of sentiment and fraternal affection throughout the nation. Their views are briefly indicated in the following

PROGRAMME.

The causes which have led to the divided and unhappy state of our country, are found in the neglect and abuse of our free institutions. Citizens of good intentions, but averse to politics, and absorbed in their personal callings, have in a great measure left to visionary reformers the creation of that popular sentiment by which, in a free government, ambitious and unsafe persons attain to places of power. While men have slept, the enemy has sowed tares. We have thus painfully learned by experience, that a government like ours must not be left to reformers and politicians, the one incompetent to reconstruct what the other destroys, but demands the vigilant watch and care of its intelligent and loyal subjects.

The popular declaration that all men are created equal, and entitled to liberty, intended to embody the sentiment of our ancestors respecting the doctrine of the divine right of kings and nobles, and perhaps, also, the more doubtful sentiment of the French school, may be understood to indicate both a sublime truth and a pernicious error. Men *are* created equally free to do the will of God, and will be equally rewarded by him, according to their deeds. But they are *not* created equal in personal endowments, nor in their relation to providential arrangements. Indeed, their inequality in these respects is one of the boldest and most stubborn facts on the records of all time; and, moreover, the Scriptures declare that it exists for wise and good ends *by the will of God*, as truly as the inequalities between the sands of earth and the stars of heaven. It is by confounding the providential with the moral, instead of regarding the former as means wisely employed for the latter, that men become infidel and radical in their schemes of reformation. Restive and impatient, they neglect the essential duties of submission—of love, trust, obedience, under all providential dispensations—and vainly strive to alter or amend the ways of Providence. Hence, their dreams of abolitionism, of women's rights, of free love, of spiritualism, of socialism, of agrarianism, and of all similar visionary schemes, in which they lose sight of their own moral and essential duties, in their zeal to do what God has reserved for himself, and vainly think to inaugurate a millennium of bliss, by their imaginary reign of liberty and equality. It is not claimed that every person who espouses one of these schemes actually embraces them all, but as they all belong to the same category, logical consistency must admit or reject them all alike.

Teachings of this sort, especially as related to abolitionism, have been extending and gaining favor among us for many years. They have been seldom rebuked, because deemed feeble and harmless. But they have increased by indulgence. They have been disseminated in books and pamphlets, taught in our schools, reiterated in the daily and weekly issues of the press, listened to and applauded in popular lectures, they have often entered the pulpit, and made the dogmas of human rights and liberties take precedence of repentance and faith as the staple of gospel ministrations. They have been wrought into the fascinations of poetry; they have been set to music and have furnished the entertainment of itinerating minstrelsies and musical concerts; they have floated wildly on the breezes of heaven, and been made to sigh in sentimental strains around the evening hearthstone. They have thus made stirring appeals to human passions, have perverted truth and disguised facts, have falsely wrought with the sympathies of the weak, the consciences of the unenlightened, the arrogance of the vain. They have made their subjects slow to obey and quick to rebel, stubborn and contentious for rights, but remiss in duties and sacrifices for the general welfare.

Men thus taught, regardless of their own sins and duties, in their anxious wailings over the sins of others, and the ways of Providence, become ready victims of cunning demagogues, who, promising by an easy method to relieve their consciences and consummate their desires, with "good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple." In this way a dreamy hallucination and false sentiment have been extensively produced, and a feeling of hostility between the North and the South engendered, which threatens a final dissolution of the Federal Union.

We believe that the time has come when such evil teachings should be firmly and boldly confronted, not by the antagonism of doubtful and perishable weapons, but "by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever," as expounded by a broad and faithful recognition of his moral and providential government over the world. It is with this view that we propose an organized effort, and commend it to the earnest cooperation of all good and true citizens in every section of our country. We disclaim hostility toward, and connection with, any existing political party. Our common country, our *whole* country, is our field; we believe that it still has multitudes of friends, strong and true at heart, in all sections and parties. We cordially invite all such to unite with us in endeavors to disseminate sound and wholesome teachings, to conciliate differences and restore peace and harmony, gathering around the acknowledged standard of truth and the bulwark of our national liberties.

Our attention will not be confined to slavery, but this will be at present our main topic. Four millions of immortal beings, incapable of self-care, and indisposed to industry and foresight, are providentially committed to the hands of our Southern friends. This stupendous trust they cannot put from them if they would. Emancipation, were it possible, would be rebellion against Providence, and destruction to the colored race in our land. We at the North rid ourselves of no responsibility by assuming an attitude of hostility to slavery, and thus sundering the bonds of state fellowship; we only put it out of our power to do the good which both humanity and religion demand. Should we not rather recognize the Providence of God, in his placing such a vast multitude of the degraded and dependent sons of Africa in this favored land, and cheerfully coöperate by all needful labors and sacrifices, with his benevolent design to save, and not to destroy them? Under a Providential dispensation, lifting them up from the degradation and miseries of indolence and vice, and exacting of them due and needful labor, they can certainly be trained and nurtured, as many have been, for the services and joys of heaven; and if the climate and institutions of the South are such that our fellow-citizens there can afford to take the onerous care of them, in return for their services, should we not gladly consent? They freely concede to us our conscientious convictions, our rights, and all our privileges; should we not as freely concede to them theirs? Why should we contend? Why paralyze business, turn thousands of the industrious and worthy poor out of employment, sunder the last ties of affection that can bind these States together, destroy our once prosperous and happy nation, and perhaps send multitudes to premature graves, and all for what? Is not such a course a struggle of arrogant assumption against the providence of the Most High; and, if persisted in, will it not surely bring down his heavy and prolonged judgments upon us?

It is not for us to accuse our fellow citizens at the South of failure in duty. We know that the Church of God has no brighter ornaments, and our country no truer friends, than are found among them, and before we at the North sit in judgment upon their delinquencies, let us endeavor to correct our own. In treating their slaves as humanity and religion demand, they may be providential instruments of unspeakable and endless blessings, not only to those under their personal charge, but eventually to the whole African race. And such, we have not a doubt, they are destined to be; without us, and to our shame, if they are forever separated from us by any fault of ours; but with us, and to our mutual honor, if we shall be united with them in the bonds of an affectionate brotherhood. That so we may be, we will labor in hope. We will endeavor to diffuse over the entire length and breadth of the land, sentiments favorable to the lasting peace and prosperity of our nation.

Selections.

THE WORK THAT HAS BEEN DONE, AND THAT WHICH REMAINS TO BE DONE.

TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PHILADELPHIA FEMALE A.-S. SOCIETY.*

THE revolution through which this nation has been passing during the last twenty-five years has culminated in the dissolution of the American Union. Six of our thirty-three States have repudiated their allegiance to the Federal government, and asserted their independent sovereignty. Half the nation stands appalled at the sudden catastrophe, and statesmen and politicians anxiously inquire into its causes, and seek for a new bond to reunite the parted members of our confederacy. To the Abolitionists, who have been watching the steady progress of this revolution, this catastrophe does not seem so sudden. During the last thirty years they have been striving to awaken an anti-slavery sentiment and principle in the heart of the North. They have endeavored to do this by those means by which moral reforms are always accomplished; by arguments addressed to the reason, the conscience and the heart. And as they have pursued their work, they have, from time to time, confidently predicted that nothing but the abolition of American slavery would be able to avert the dissolution of this Union. They clearly foresaw that the growing anti-slavery sentiment of the North would attain such strength that it would resist the aggressions of the Slave Power, and that a collision between the free States and the slaveholding States would be inevitable.

The history of the anti-slavery enterprise has given to the world another demonstration of the power of truth. When this enterprise was commenced, this nation turned, in contemptuous silence, from the prophet-call which summoned it to repentance, or answered that summons with derisive laughter. Proud in its conscious strength—strength of wealth, of broad territory—strength of intellect, of culture—strength of social ties and ecclesiastical interests ramifying the whole structure of its society—strength of its two great political parties—it smiled at the impotence which assailed a mighty institution, secure in its great protection. Only one of its sovereign States descried in this humble movement the germ of a national revolution; and, with the instinctive sagacity which sense of danger awakens, attempted to stretch the right arm of her power from the Gulf of Mexico to Massachusetts Bay, and quench the new altar-fire of liberty in the blood of the man who had kindled it. Nor did the almost universal contempt with which the nation regarded this new enterprise seem unreasonable to those who measure and compare forces by the ordinary standards of the world. Only they who, seeing the invisible, know the omnipotence of truth, can understand the warfare in which one chases a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. Sustained by faith in the immortal power of truth, the Abolitionists pursued their labor, unappalled by the greatness of the task before them, and little heeding the scorn or the violence which assailed them. They knew that the success of their enterprise was a question only of time. The nation that slumbered, awoke; the nation that, at first, derided, and soon marshalled in hot haste all its forces, political, ecclesiastical and social, against the few "fanatics" who disturbed its peace, now stands trembling before that mighty power, whose presence it acknowledges but cannot comprehend. The prediction which it accounted as the raving of insanity is to-day fulfilled. The proud nation who glorified herself, and said in her heart, "I sit a queen, and shall see no sorrow"; who said in her strength, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice?" is dismembered. Another lesson has been given to teach the world that ideas cannot be conquered by physical force, and that the power of truth over the human soul is invincible.

A review of the events of the past year shows a steady growth of consciousness of strength in the North, and a determination not to surrender all its rights to the Slave Power.

The final success of the long struggle to obtain the admission of Kansas into the Union; the defeat of the United States government in the Ottawa rescue cases, in Illinois, which defeat was accomplished by a spirit of freedom in the juries; the resistance of the people of Wisconsin against the aggressions of the Federal authorities, in the Booth case, even when the State government weakly faltered in defence of its rights; the judicial decisions in the Lemmon case; and the course thus far pursued by our own Legislature, during its present session, are among such indications. The reëlection of Alexander Henry to the Mayoralty of Philadelphia was an unequivocal expression of the determination of our citizens to maintain their own freedom of speech; for the right to exercise such freedom, and the duty of the magistrate to protect it, was the issue between the parties in that election. The success of the Republican party in our last gubernatorial election, is significant of a growing love of freedom in the hearts of the people. Although the tariff question was involved in this contest, and the interests of trade controlled the votes of certain classes in the city of Philadelphia and some other parts of the State, undoubtedly the masses of the people, especially in the agricultural districts, confidently *believed* that, in voting for Andrew G. Curtin, they were voting in favor of liberty and against slavery. In view of this fact, the unprecedented majority of thirty-two thousand votes, by which he was elected, is a cheering sign of the times.

But the most signal expression of the anti-slavery sentiment pervading the North was that which was seen and heard and felt, from one end of the land to the other, in the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States. The issue taken in this contest by the Republican party against the Slave Power was, that slavery should not be extended into the Territories, and that party carefully disclaimed any intention of interfering with the existence of the system in the States. But the Slave Power, with its sagacious instincts, felt that *every* blow struck against tyranny proves at last a mortal blow, and, through the campaign, fought as for its life. Besides, its keen vision saw that far down in the hearts of the Northern *people*, deeper than party love for the Union, stronger than the foundations of party platforms, lay an anti-slavery sentiment which at no distant day would be developed into an anti-slavery principle, and which would demand no less, and take no less, as the price of Union, than the abolition of the whole system of American slavery. The slaveholders and the Abolitionists saw, in the result of this election, only the confirmation of this fact. As such, we hailed it as tidings of great joy; as such, they cursed it as the utterance of their doom.

During the past year, there has come up to [illegible] from nearly all the Southern States, continued evidence that a Reign of Terror prevails there which could never exist in a community where there was any sense of security or ease of conscience in the [illegible]. Where men are whipped [illegible] for an expression of opinion that slavery is wrong; sentenced to be hanged for circulating *The New York Tribune*; imprisoned, tortured, hanged, for notorious disapproval of an existing institution, or on the suspicion of such utterance, there rulers and ruled are alike, slaves. From a community where such scenes transpire, we anticipate the graphic pictures which are sent to us of panic-stricken slaveholders sleeping on their arms at night, doubly bolting and barring their doors, "watching their sleeping children, to guard them from the vengeance" of their slaves, the victims of their own oppression. Nor are we surprised when a government which connives at the perpetration of these lawless outrages itself violates its own fundamental principles, and establishes a Senatorial Inquisition which disregards Constitution and law and the just principles of individual freedom. The retribution of justice faileth never. A people who fasten chains around the weak and helpless, will find some of the links of those chains slowly and surely coiling around themselves.

The operations of this Society during the past year have been similar to those of preceding years. Our funds are devoted to the dissemination of anti-slavery doctrines; directly, by the circulation of THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, and other anti-slavery journals and tracts; and indirectly by appropriations to the Pennsylvania and the American Anti-Slavery Societies. One of the newspapers, to the support of which we have contributed, is *The Free South*, published by William S. Bailey, in Newport, Kentucky. Through most indefatigable labor, and much personal peril to himself and family, this brave man has steadily persisted in the publication of his paper, in spite of the repeated attempts of illegal and legal tyranny to silence its testimony against slavery in Kentucky. Since the destruction of his printing office, by a mob, mentioned in our last annual report, he has reëstablished the paper, for which act he was arrested on a charge of incendiarism, and imprisoned; the magistrate before whom he was tried having been one of the mob who destroyed his press. He was soon set at liberty by a writ of *habeas corpus*, and continues to be a terror to evil doers.

Our Society has sent memorials to our State Legislature, asking them to enact such laws as may be necessary for the protection of all persons within this Commonwealth who have not forfeited, by crime, the right to liberty. This petition is obviously based on simple justice, which evidently demands that when the majority of a people maintain a government which, for the preservation of the public peace, requires the individual to substitute an appeal to the laws for the exercise of his natural right of self-defence, such government shall protect the individual in his inalienable right to life and liberty; and the fact that our Legislature or our people should hesitate to grant it as an indication of the deep moral corruption which American slavery has wrought in Pennsylvania; partially destroying the vision which distinguishes between absolute LAW, *always based on justice*, and the statutes of falsehood and wrong, to which no human soul owes allegiance; and to a still greater extent destroying that supreme love of right, which enables an individual or a nation to follow it with fearless trust.

The very great success of our recent Fair was of a kind which cannot be exhibited in our Treasurer's report. Its pecuniary results were equal to all reasonable expectation in that period of commercial embarrassment, but this aspect, usually so important, was, for a time, forgotten in the far greater interests which it involved. Once more the Abolitionists were called to stand for the defence of the people's right of freedom of speech and of peaceful assemblage, and, at any cost of personal peril to themselves, to maintain that right, not for themselves alone, but for the populace, who, in the blind madness of the hour, were eager to strike a mortal blow at their own most precious liberties. The anticipation of the dissolution of the Union, an event, then, more darkly foreshadowed by every passing hour, had stricken with fear the trading cities of the North. Our Fair happened to occur at the critical moment between the first recoil of terror, and the reaction of Northern pride of independence. Its suppression by violence was naturally regarded, by a portion of our citizens, as a suitable peace-offering to the South. We were not surprised by the information which, from time to time, reached us, that those classes of our fellow-citizens who compose or inspire our mobs, had decreed that the Anti-Slavery Fair should not be held. Abolitionists, who, during more than a quarter of a century, had tested the power of mobs, of civil governments, and of Churches, to stay the progress of an idea, to suppress truth, to annihilate freedom of thought and speech, were not likely to be moved from their purpose or their equanimity, by such demonstrations of hostility. Aware that the responsibility of failing to exercise our right of peaceful assemblage for lawful purposes could rest upon us only in the event of our voluntarily relinquishing this right, we pursued our usual course, unmoved, leaving such responsibility to those who might choose to assume it. But the weapons formed against us, upon that occasion, certainly did not prosper. The men who were brave enough to threaten, and doubtless, brave enough to attack a Ladies' Bazaar, had the fear of our Mayor and his police before their eyes, and discovering that that magistrate entertained views of his official duty somewhat differing from their own they wisely concluded to leave the ladies in possession of their saloons.

The maintenance of our right thus to assemble we account the chief success of our Fair of 1860. Another result, which we highly estimate, is the discipline which the experience of that week furnished for our young recruits, who have enlisted under our banners too recently to know except as matters of history the early struggles of our cause, in which their predecessors were trained for this warfare.

But the retrospect of the year shows, also, some other signs of the times than those which indicate the moral advancement of a people, and which assure us that the final victory of freedom is not to be won without stern conflict. The efforts of Southern States to enslave their free colored population; the revival of the foreign slave trade, in open defiance of the law; the facility and frequency with which slave ships are fitted out, and sent from the port of New York; the violence with which freedom of speech has been assailed in Northern towns and cities by brutal mobs, doing the bidding of their Southern masters; the virulent and persistent hostility to the anti-slavery enterprise manifested by the great ecclesiastical bodies of this country, which has naturally resulted in the suppression of freedom of speech in the Protestant Episcopal Convention; in the increase of slaveholding Presbyteries, in the New School Presbyterian Church, from the number of three to twenty, in the course of its twenty-four years existence; and in such blindness of eye and hardness of heart among prominent clergymen of Philadelphia, that they dared to proclaim, from what they call Christian pulpits, on the recent national fast day, the doctrine that he who robs his brother of his inalienable rights, sunders the holiest ties of affection, and makes one man the helpless victim of another's irresponsible despotism; he who clutches the trembling woman, child, or man escaping from such despotism, and thrusts him back into it, *doeth God service;* these things, and such as these, are tokens that American history, to-day, is realizing and fulfilling the Apocalyptic vision and prophecy, "Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and sea! for the devil has come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time."

Among the developments of these times which so sternly try men's souls, there is none more sad than the treachery and moral weakness of statesmen, who, before their hour of trial came, professed loyalty to freedom. When great souls lock themselves so closely in fraternal embrace with worshippers in the House of Rimmon, that they *involuntarily* bow before the altars of his idol, plaintively crying out, in the intervals of that worship, "Pardon thy servant in this thing," who shall wonder that politicians of smaller stature hasten to lay their petty offerings on the same shrine? The pusillanimous resolves of Philadelphia Union meetings, which disgrace our Independence Square, sacred to freedom by all historic [illegible]; the recommendations of our departing and [illegible] Governors, that the few defences which Pennsylvania has set around the liberty of the most [illegible] class of the American people shall be [illegible], in order to appease South Carolina and her [illegible], are but echoes of a voice which comes [illegible] our national Senate; a voice whose tones [illegible] scarcely recognize, so utterly changed are they [illegible] they were borne to us by the winds from our Western prairies. We do not mourn the destruction [illegible] which has cost the North, not gold or [illegible], but the moral strength, the real manliness, the [illegible], of her sons.

The [illegible] which [illegible] statute [illegible] for [illegible] kidnapping [illegible], and the encouragement [illegible] from it by [illegible] who would commit the same outrage without those forms, have been illustrated in several instances in Pennsylvania, during the past year. In August last, a free man named James Valentine who had been a resident of this city for twenty-four years, was captured in open day, at Fifth and Market streets, by two United States Marshals, who, in company with three slave-hunters from the District of Columbia, were seeking a fugitive who they said, had escaped from Joshua Bakeman, of Georgetown. Suddenly seized and manacled, and dragged with pinioned hands and rent garments, to the Marshal's office, he demanded the reason of the assault. Fortunately, a crowd of sympathizing spectators had followed him, several of whom testified to his freedom, and his long residence in this city. The slave-hunters, when confronted with the outraged man, were obliged to confess that he was not the slave whom they were seeking.

Another act of similar atrocity was perpetrated in Lancaster County, in the month of March. A free man residing in Sadsbury township was taken by four men, who entered his house at night, and conveyed him into a neighboring piece of woods, where his captors tied him, placed him in a carriage, and, pointing at him their pistols, ordered him to be quiet. He was carried to Baltimore and placed in jail, where he remained several days. His assurance that he was a free man rendered his jailor uneasy; and by the timely intervention of a visitor who recognized him, he was released and sent back to his home. Such scenes as these, enacted on our own soil, are sufficient answer to the question, "What has the North to do with slavery?"

We have again to record the deep disgrace of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, in the sacrifice of another victim to the Fugitive Slave statute. It occurred on the 28th of March, 1860. A man named Moses Horner, who was arrested near Harrisburg, and claimed as the *property* of Charles T. Butler, of Jefferson County, Virginia, was on that day doomed to slavery by John Cadwallader, United States District Judge, sitting in Philadelphia. Every effort which his counsel, Messrs. Earle, Hopper Warriner, and Bull, and the Abolitionists of this city could make in his behalf, was promptly and zealously made, but made in vain. The admission of testimony against him, by parties interested in his conviction, was earnestly opposed by his lawyers, but was allowed by the judge. The legal defence was chiefly based on the fact that the transcript of the record of the Virginia court, offered by the claimant's counsel in proof of authority to recover the fugitive, bore evident marks of attempts to alter the spelling of the name. When the counsel went beyond this plea, and argued for liberty on the ground of natural justice and absolute right, their argument was, as it always is in these cases, pronounced "unprofessional," "foreign to the purpose," "most unlawyerlike;" charges which are the keenest satires on our jurisprudence, though uttered by unconscious satirists.

The great city, immersed in its commerce and its politics, took little heed of the tragedy which was passing before its eyes. The closing scene of that tragedy sent despair to one human soul; awakened sympathetic grief in the hearts of Abolitionists, who, impotent to save him, gave to their unhappy brother all that was theirs to give him—the tenderest pity; and roused a few brave colored men to risk their own lives in an attempt to rescue by violence the victim of legalized injustice; but Philadelphia saw not, in that poor, degraded, helpless man, the essential principle of human liberty, of man's inalienable rights, fettered and in the grasp of a despot. How could she see it? Her politicians never avert their gaze from the goal of their ambition—power; the golden idol of her exchange holds spellbound the eyes of her merchants; to her Judiciary and Bar, the Constitution and statute-book are "the end of the law for righteousness"; and her pulpit and press are the reflection and echo of all these. Here and there, a merchant who had learned that money is not the soul's true wealth, a lawyer whose anointed eyes had read a higher law than that engrossed on his parchments, a clergyman who held his commission from Heaven, and not from the pews below him, rebuked this outrage in manly tones, and warned the careless Commonwealth of the retributive justice which surely follows every blow struck against human freedom; but the great city's voice, which should have gone up in indignant remonstrance from the press, the pulpit, and the homes of the people, was dumb that day.

In our last Report we recorded, as a hopeful sign of the times, the fact that freedom of speech for Abolitionists had been protected by the civil authorities of Philadelphia. The laurels thus won by our city she has worthily worn during the past year, excepting in one hour of temptation, when her chief magistrate connived with those who would save the Union at the expense of liberty, and used his official influence to suppress one of the lectures of the People's Literary Institute, because it was to be delivered by George William Curtis, an orator of the anti-slavery Republican party. We regret to state that those efforts were successful, and that our Mayor thus dishonored the city, and marred his own bright fame as defender of the freedom of speech.

The growth of true Christianity in this community has not yet been sufficient to rebuke, effectively, the insult which is daily offered to our colored population in their exclusion from our city railway cars. If this exclusion is considered in the light of the practical value of the right thus withheld, it convicts a strong party of great meanness towards a weaker one; regarded from a higher point of view, it presents an illustration of the hypocrisy of a people calling themselves Democratic and Christian. But we are glad to record the fact that one of these railway companies has amended its practice in this respect; and we trust that advancing civilization and Christianity will soon banish from among us this odious manifestation of vulgar pride.

From a retrospect of the long struggle between the contending forces of liberty and slavery in this nation, and from the developments of the present hour, the question arises in every thoughtful mind, What is to be predicted of our country's future? Amid the strifes of hostile political parties; the rending asunder of ecclesiastical bodies; the contest of various factions vieing with one another to suppress the rising rebellion of anti-slavery thought and speech; and the upheaving of the foundations of institutions which seemed as immutable as the everlasting hills; the Abolitionists have kept their eyes constantly fixed upon one result which they knew must come, at last, through the whirlwind and storm of the conflict, namely, the abolition of American slavery. For this result they have steadily labored, refusing to be turned from their purpose by any side issues, or to compromise their demand for any lower aim. We now see that this end draweth nigh. It is not to the new administration of our Federal government that we look for the inauguration of the reign of liberty. Very efficient service in the anti-slavery cause cannot be reasonably expected of a President who avows his intention of restoring the fugitive slave to his master; who tells the nation that though he believes that Congress possesses constitutional power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, he should not favor their abolition of it, except with the consent of a large number of the slaveholders of the District; and who says that if he should be of opinion that Congress possesses the constitutional power to abolish the slave trade between the States, he should still not be in favor of the exercise of that power, unless upon some conservative principle, akin to the conditions which he suggests relative to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. Nor can much more be expected from a party in power, which, when out of power, pledged itself, through its accredited organs, to enforce the compromises of our Federal Constitution. But the heart of the Northern *people* is slowly and irrevocably decreeing the doom of slavery. Their political leaders may refuse to see this fact, the representatives of their commerce may loudly deny it, but the South instinctively knows it, and, *therefore*, refuses to accept the peace-offerings presented to her by Northern politicians. Herein is hope for the slave. For the mortification of seeing pusillanimous party leaders offering to sell the people's birthright for a mess of pottage, there is the consolation of believing that the offer will be rejected, and, ultimately the treacherous traffickers only be sacrificed thereby.

Whatever course the maddened South or the affrighted North may now take one thing is certain—the abolition of slavery has been greatly hastened by the events of the last three months. If the South maintains its defiant position and establishes an independent Confederacy, the slaves will soon settle for themselves the question of their freedom. If, fearful of this result, the revolting States return to the protection of the Federal government, they will reunite themselves to a people who have occupied the period of their absence in learning new and thorough lessons [illegible] the comparative strength of the North and the South, and in unconsciously [illegible] hatred [illegible] recently [illegible] the [illegible] at slaveholders.

While we hail with joy and thanksgiving the approach of the final triumph of our cause we are aware that the work of the Abolitionists is not yet done. The earnest reiteration of the principle which has guided our enterprise from the beginning, and sustained us through all its vicissitudes, viz. that the absolute right is always to be obeyed, and is always the highest expediency, is especially needed in this momentous national crisis. Professing to believe in natural justice and Christian morality, the representatives of the nation, assembled in Legislatures and Conventions, are seriously deliberating in order to ascertain how much of essential right it is now expedient to sacrifice for the sake of peace, and what degree of wrong may be wisely perpetrated upon the weak and defenceless, for the advantage of the stronger party. All appliances which can be used to strengthen their confidence in the right, to deepen their hatred of injustice, to inspire them with true manly courage, are needed now. If they, who, in these conclaves, represent the North, can be convinced that the Northern heart and conscience will sustain them only in a course of honor and rectitude, the nation may yet be saved, in the true sense of that often perverted word. Otherwise, they may reënact the folly of their fathers, and strive to reconstruct a Union between the border slave States and the free States, cementing it with the same compromises of principle that the founders of our government made for the sake of Union, and trusting, with the same mistaken faith, that the slavery within their borders will soon die from inherent weakness. The voice which first awakened this nation from its profound slumber, and summoned it to repentance for the sin of enslaving men, should, surely, ring in its ears, to-day, all prophet warnings, all brotherly entreaties, all faithful exhortations to heed well the golden opportunities of this hour when the angel of God's providence is offering to it a momentous alternative of good or evil, and awaiting the choice which shall exalt it in true glory before heaven and earth, or sink it in deeper infamy.

The yet unbroken chains of the slave, our country's imminent peril, the achievements of the past, and our faith in the invincible power of truth, are our incentives to continue our labors with undiminished zeal and industry. And the admonition, "Work while the day lasts," sounds in our ears, to-day, from lips which, though dead, yet speak to us in the memories of their fidelity during all the years through which, hand in hand and heart to heart with us, they shared this toil and conflict. A vacant seat, here, to-day, reminds us that the passing year has bereaved this Society of one of its members* whose loyalty and diligent service in our cause were highly appreciated, and will be long remembered. And of our fellow-laborers in Pennsylvania, two others, who, from the commencement of our enterprise, have been its faithful adherents, have finished their earthly work and passed to higher labors. And from a far-off grave, in a land struggling to achieve its liberty, there comes to us a voice whose tones are as a trumpet sounding a victory; for he who sleeps in that Italian grave lived and died in the full and glorious faith that his country's redemption was drawing nigh. His mighty labors and burning zeal and tender sympathy for oppressed humanity found ample recompense in this faith, when, dying, a stranger in a strange land, he relinquished his fondly cherished hope that his eyes might see this salvation, and his voice join in the jubilee song of the American slave.

Very hopefully we commence the labor of another year. Faith is turning to sight. The Spirit of Liberty has breathed on the nations of the Old World, and they are wakening into new life. Autocratic Russia, pointing to her twenty million serfs made freemen, calls to democratic America to break the fetters of her slaves. Surely, the hour is at hand when that resistless angel, at whose touch the chains of slavery fall, and before whose coming despotisms flee away, shall have accomplished his mission,

> And over earth's full jubilee,
> Shall deeper joy be felt in heaven."

---

* Evelina Supplee.

* This Society is not only one of the oldest, but one of the most efficient of the local Associations in cooperation with the American Anti-Slavery Society. Its services in the cause have been of incalculable importance and value. From the very day of its organization to the present hour, it has been under the guidance of wise heads and warm hearts, and its Annual Reports have ever exhibited a rare appreciation of the fundamental principles of the anti-slavery movement, and an unwavering faith in their inherent power and ultimate triumph.—*Editor.*

THE INQUISITION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

From The Tribune March 22.

THE latest case that has fully come to light of the doings of the Southern Inquisition will be found in *The Tribune* to-day. It is the statement of Mrs. Catherine Bottsford, a widow lady of this city, now residing at No. 157 Hudson street. In December, 1859, she went to Charleston on business, with no purpose of meddling with local institutions, although entertaining decided opinions unfavorable to slavery. During her stay in the city she held no conversation with colored people, and said nothing about slavery except when her opinion was asked, when she gave it frankly in a friendly and becoming manner. On the 27th of September last, "a large and coarse man, who said he was an officer of the Vigilant Police, rudely entered her room, and arrested her without a warrant, telling her that she was charged with being an Abolitionist, and must come before the Mayor. Still feeble from recent illness, she was forced to go with him, and, without seeing the Mayor, was taken to the common jail, where she was thrust into a dark and filthy cell, where she was kept *without food* during the rest of the day all night, and all the succeeding day. On the afternoon of the second day, she was brought before the Mayor, and that functionary told her she was accused of treason and sedition, of tampering with slaves, and of being an Abolitionist and an admirer of John Brown. The charge of tampering with slaves she denied, but admitted that she was an Abolitionist, and admired John Brown. The Mayor remarked that he had heard nothing against her character, that she was reputed to be quiet and respectable, but said she must give bail for good conduct or return to jail. She replied that it was impossible for her to give bail, and was accordingly taken back to her cell.

An hour or two later she was taken before another magistrate, one Kauepaux, who told her that nothing but her sex prevented them from hanging her on one of the trees in the park. With him she held the following colloquy:

"Are you not an Abolitionist?"

"Yes, I am."

"You are charged with treason and sedition, and tampering with slaves."

"All these charges are utterly false; I have said nothing to the slaves; they do not know me."

"Do you hold correspondence North, and receive papers and letters?"

"Only from my nearest friends a few letters, no papers."

"Do you not read *The Tribune*?"

"No; because I cannot get it here: I should read it if I could get it."

"You need not answer all my questions: you may commit yourself."

"No fear of that, sir. I am perfectly willing to answer your questions: there is nothing to conceal."

A few more questions were asked, which she answered readily, and was then remanded to jail, where the friends with whom she resided were at length allowed to see her and to bring her food. The Rev. Dr. Howe, of St. Philip's Church, hearing that she was a member of Church, came also to see her after some days. She repeats the following conversation with this reverend comforter of those in affliction:

"Why are you here, and what have you done?" said the minister.

Mrs. Bottsford replied that she was there on a charge of treason and sedition, which was most ridiculous as well as false: the treason was on their own part, not on her's.

"You have said you were an Abolitionist," said the minister.

"Yes."

"Oh, that's treason, that's sedition, most decidedly," waving his hand, as though it were a foregone conclusion.

"Oh, no," she answered; "it is quite useless to try to persuade me that I have been guilty of anything like that; I know what treason and sedition are as well as you. I know what the constitutional laws of our country are, I claim their protection. You are accountable to them; you are not out of the [illegible] yet."

"Well, we have slaves, and we mean to keep them; I own them myself. We are irresponsible despots, you must know. We have laws here that strictly forbid any such expressions as you have used."

"Such laws are nothing to me; let those obey them that choose to. I am no slave. If you claim to be despots, I have my rights, and mean to have them respected."

The Rev. Doctor however though greatly perplexed by this spirited and self-possessed lady [illegible] the whole [illegible] and [illegible] treated. Owing, probably, in part [illegible], after several weeks' imprisonment she was at length taken from jail and forcibly put on board the steamer Columbia and shipped to New York, to which port her fare as a deck passenger was generously paid by the city authorities to the amount of three dollars.

The most surprising thing that happened to her during her imprisonment was the receipt of a letter from the Mayor of New York, to whom she had contrived to send an appeal for help. Fernando Wood replied in a style that filled her, she says, with astonishment and indignation. The letter will be found at full length in her narrative, and is well worthy of attentive perusal.

THE REIGN OF TERROR IN TEXAS.

A WIFE'S ACCOUNT OF HER HUSBAND'S MURDER.

From The Waseca [illegible] [illegible]

MY husband, Wm. H. Crawford, was the son of the late Capt. Wm. Crawford, a well known ship-master of Bath, Me., from which city we came West in [illegible], and lived in this State, part of the time at Faribault, and part of the time in Waseca County, during the years 1856, '57, and '58. The bad seasons of those years for farmers, and the depression of business, with the favorable reports we heard of Texas, caused us to emigrate to that State in the Fall of 1859, in company with the families of J. C. York of Waseca County, Dr. Williams of Rice County, and several young men.

After three months of such travelling and hardships as pioneers only experience, we reached Texas, and stopped at the small town of Fort Worth, Tarrant County, all except Williams, who stopped about 45 miles this side. Here we intended to remain till spring, and then go further west, where it was expected the Legislature of the State would donate large tracts of lands to the settlers, and where my husband wished to make a farm and commence stock raising. But in the spring the Indians were very troublesome on the frontier, and we concluded to remain here until fall. Meanwhile, my husband attended to his own business, and worked hard, seldom having a day's leisure, except Sundays. In the winter he worked with his team, and in the spring he was employed in Mott's saw-mill until the water became too low to run it, when he took a job of building a stable for a lawyer named Fowler. As soon as he had finished it, he hauled a load of drugs and medicines to Dallas (about 40 miles from Fort Worth), for a Dr. Peake, and returned home the 16th of July last.

I am thus particular in detailing these facts to show that, instead of spending his days loafing, gambling, and carousing, as many did there, or being engaged in any pursuit that would give reason for public sentiment against him, my husband was all the time at some legitimate business; providing means to sustain his family and carry out his plans for their future welfare. No man was ever more devoted to his family, and one of his dearest hopes was to be able to help his children to a liberal education.

Before going to Dallas he received a letter from Williams relative to going to find locations to move to in the fall, thinking by that time the Indians would be driven off, troops having gone out for that purpose; and he was daily expecting Williams to go with him. Among those who went against the Indians were three of the young men who went there with us. About this time he received a letter from one of them—Guillium—requesting him, if he moved away before their return, to leave some marks on the route we went, so they could find us; and another letter from a friend in Independence, Missouri, who had just arrived from the East. In this letter was a sentence to this effect: "I have the pistols safe in my trunk." These pistols were four Colt's revolvers that my husband had sent for, in the spring, to his brother-in-law, the Hon. B. M. Prescott, of East Boston, Mass., as by so doing he could get them at factory prices, and they are very high in Texas. The three young men who joined the troops were each to have one of them, but there was no chance to send them so soon as was expected. These letters appeared to have been opened.

On the evening of the 16th of July, after we were in bed, some one knocked at the door. It proved to be a negro slave—belonging to Turner, who was a merchant of the place, and owned about 40 slaves. His errand was to sell some bacon that, he said, belonged to himself. My husband told him he would buy none unless he brought a written permission to sell it, from his master. At that he went off, and I soon went to sleep. In the morning my husband told me that the slave came back after an hour or two, with one piece of bacon, saying that he hadn't so much to sell as he at first thought, and he did not think it worth while to say anything about it to his master, or overseer, but he would give us that peice for the trouble he had made us. My husband told him he would not take it for nothing, and gave him a half dollar. The slave then said he had got into trouble, and wanted him (my husband) to help him out of it. He had whipped a young slave, he said, and his overseer tried to whip him, but that he had instead whipped his overseer, and his master was going to sell him for it. He had lived in the family always, and did not want to be sold out of it. My husband told him that he was acquainted with his master, and thought him to be a fine man, who would treat him no worse than he deserved; that he had better go home about his business, as he could not help him; if he did, it would be a hanging matter. Upon this the slave went away.

Up to this time no one had intimated to my husband that he was in the least personal danger from any cause, or that he was suspected of being an Abolitionist. He knew there was a strong prejudice against people from the Northern States, and when on errands to the stores he was sometimes drawn into discussing the comparative power and resources of the North and South, and on such occasions could but defend the North against misrepresentation. Several times he came home to his books for authority to support his arguments. At all these times he was careful to avoid saying anything improper concerning slavery, and he never had anything to say or do with slaves more than his business made necessary. In politics, he was, and always had been, a Democrat. We were much disappointed with both the country and society there. The wealthiest and most intelligent people were principally slaveholders, and they held but little intercourse with the others, who were generally the poorest, most ignorant and degraded whites. Men went about wearing pistols and bowie-knives openly, and it was a common thing to hear of a man being shot without any notice being taken of it by the authorities.

On the morning of the 17th of July, my husband, with our two boys, one seven and the other five years of age, took his team and went about half a mile from town for a load of sand. About 12½ o'clock the boys came back and told me they were afraid their father had been shot. They said that just as they were ready to start for home, three men—Mr. Turner, his overseer and another, came up, with revolvers under their arms. Their father spoke to Turner, calling him by name, when immediately Turner charged him with promising to help one of his slaves to run away. Their father denied it, saying he did not think that of him (Turner)—accusing him of such a thing. They then wanted him to go with them, saying they wished to talk more about it, or something to that effect, and telling the boys to take care of the team until they came back. He went with them over a hill, and was soon out of sight. The boys then went on a hillock near by, and shortly after saw their father running toward them, then turn and run in another direction, until again out of sight. In a few moments they heard the report of a gun or pistol. They then went back to the wagon and waited an hour or more, but, no one appearing, they came home. I started on with them at once to try to find my husband, hoping, if they had shot him, that he might not be dead, and that I could save him. We had gone but a little way when we met some men who told us he was hung.

They took me back to the place we had been living in. My grief, my indignation, my misery, I have no words, no desire to describe. The body was not brought to me until night, and only then by the direction of Capt. Dagget, a son-in-law and partner of Turner, who had been a friend to my husband, and was the only man of any influence who dared to befriend me. He had been away from home, and did not return till after the murder had been done. He denounced the act, and said they had killed an innocent man.

An inquest was held, and the following verdict given, with the editorial remarks, as published in *The Fort Worth Chief*:

Man Hung.—On the 17th inst. was found the body of a man by the name of Wm. H. Crawford, suspended to a pecan tree, about three quarters of a mile from town. A large number of persons visited the body during the day. At a meeting of the citizens the same evening strong evidence was adduced, proving him to have been an Abolitionist. The meeting indorsed the action of the party who hung him. Below we give the verdict of the jury of inquest:

"We, the jury, find that William H. Crawford, the deceased, came to his death by being hung with a grass rope tied around his neck and suspended from a pecan limb, by some person or persons to the jurors unknown. That he was hung on the 17th day of July, 1860, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m., and 1 o'clock p. m., We could see no other marks of violence on the person of the deceased."

W. A. Sanderson, J. P., acting as Coroner. E. M. Dagget, A. Y. Fowler, S. M. Jameson, A. M. Quayle, Jurors.

The following is the report of the meeting referred to as published in the same paper:

"At a large and respectable meeting of the citizens of Tarrant County convened at the Town Hall, at Fort Worth, on the 18th day of July, 1860, pursuant to previous notice, for the purpose of devising means for defending the lives and property of citizens of the County against the machinations of abolition incendiaries, J. P. Alford was called to the chair, and J. C. Terrell was appointed Secretary. After the object of the meeting was explained by Col. C. A. Harper, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, The recent attempts made to destroy several neighboring towns by fire, the nearly total destruction of one of them, coupled with the conversation and acts of one Wm. H. Crawford who was hung in this County on the 17th inst., prove conclusively to us the necessity of an organized effort to ferret out and punish abolition incendiaries, some of whom are believed to be in our country. Therefore, to discover and punish said Abolitionists, and to secure the lives and property of our citizens, be it

Resolved, That we indorse the action of those who hung W. H. Crawford in this County on the 17th inst., convinced as we are, from the evidence upon which he was hung, that he richly deserved his fate.

Resolved, That a Central County Committee be appointed by the President, consisting of seven citizens, whose duty it shall be to appoint such committees in every precinct in the County, which sub-committees shall confer with and report to the Central Committee the names of all suspected persons in their precincts, which persons shall be dealt with according to the pleasure of the Central Committee.

Resolved, That the members of this meeting hereby pledge themselves to support said Central Committee in the discharge of their duty in dealing with Abolitionists and incendiaries. JAMES P. ALFORD, Chairman.

J. C. Terrell, Secretary.

The Central Committee hereby notify all persons connected with or holding abolition sentiments, to leave the country forthwith, or they may possibly have cause to regret remaining.

—And this was all that was ever published there to show the *justice* of the act. On the 18th, his body was buried by the roadside! I have asked, in vain, for permission to have it buried in the village graveyard. After the body was brought in, three men came and said they had been appointed to examine our letters and private papers. They searched through the writing desk, bookcase, trunks, and everywhere that they thought letters or papers might be concealed. When they were leaving I asked them if they had found anything. They answered, "Nothing but letters of friendship."

Immediately after the murder, a dozen stories were circulated to prove that he was an Abolitionist, all of which I knew to be false. One was that he was connected with the burning of the town of Dallas, which happened two weeks before; when it was well known that he was at home. Another was that he had sent for revolvers to distribute among the slaves. That sentence in the letter from Independence gave rise to this story. For that letter, together with the one from Guillium had been opened in the post-office before we received them. And because Guillium's letter happened to be mailed from one of the adjoining towns, and the writing so bad they could not make it all out, they charged that it was from a conspirator. But the principal story was that he had promised to help the negro run away who had come to sell us the bacon; that he had shown him the north star and told him if he would steal two horses and come there the next night, he would go with him and show him the way off. Capt. Dagget, afterwards, told Dr. Williams that at first the negro told the same story that my husband told me, but that, upon being charged by his master with lying, and whipped severely, he made the other statement. Furthermore, Capt. Dagget said that he had been sent there to try my husband, and that, if he had gone to Turner the next morning and told him of the slaves being there, he would not have been harmed.

I feel sure that Turner was the chief murderer, for my boys had seen him often in town, and described him to me perfectly. I sent for him to come and see me. I wished to confront him with my boys, and, if he showed signs of guilt, to shoot him down. I had a pistol loaded for the purpose. But he would not come near me. I went to his store to see him, but, when he saw me enter, he skulked into an adjoining room, and did not show himself again. I was told if I wished to get away safely I must keep my tongue still. But I should not have come away without an attempt on the lives of those three fiends, had it not been for the consideration of the welfare of my four children, the youngest of whom was less than a year old. I remained there a week, stopping with Mr. York's family. The house we had lived in was rented to another tenant, and, as I did not get ready to leave the town within a day or two of the time I expected to go, my things were put out of doors and left so one night, or until I came away. Capt. Dagget found a man, belonging in Kansas, to drive my team for me as far as Independence, which place we reached after a long and wearisome journey. Our horses, for the want of water and fresh grass, would not have lived through it, but for our meeting with occasional help from teams along the road; as it was, they were so reduced that I could not sell them, and was obliged to leave them at Independence.

Capt. Dagget gave me $20, which, with what I had, enabled me to reach Minnesota once more, where I felt sure I should find both friends and safety. I have not been disappointed. Mr. York and Mr. Williams have both been obliged to leave Texas with their families. The former is in Iowa, the latter in Missouri. Upon arriving at Wilton I learned that my husband's cousin, the editor of *The Citizen*, had mailed his paper to us regularly all the spring and summer, but we only received the first number; the others must have been detained at the post-office. It being a Republican paper was, perhaps, what first directed suspicion against my husband. A few days before I left Fort Worth I got two letters from the post-office, both open.

Since I arrived at Wilton I have been treated with much kindness and generosity by the people of this vicinity, for which I pray that Heaven may bless them, and preserve them from afflictions so bitter as mine. Mary Crawford.

A TALE OF HORROR.

Charleston, S. C., March 12, 1861.

A Georgian, hailing from a small town midway between Macon and Augusta, has just communicated to me a tale of horror which I have no right to keep back from the readers of *The Tribune*.

It occurred in the town, or rather village, of which I have already spoken, only four weeks ago; at home he dared not speak of it, and he has no correspondent in the North. The victim of lawless and barbaric cruelty in this instance was a printer who had been for some time employed by an Atlanta newspaper; he was noticed by the ruffians to speak to a negro man, probably only requesting to be directed to some house; he was seized, a rope was placed around his neck, and he was several times drawn from the ground, and dangled between earth and heaven; after tormenting him for half an hour, and threatening him with further punishment unless he confessed that he was an Abolitionist, the villains gave him another jerk, and he came down; this time, however, he was beyond the reach of their malice—his neck had been broken. His poor murdered body lay before them, a glaring but powerless witness; his spirit had flown to the region of eternal peace, where he was beyond the wrath of man. His remains were immediately buried without shroud or coffin. The man who gave me this account is a respectable, honest, truthful man, who witnessed it, and who, if in a free and civilized State, would be willing at any moment to substantiate it by oath. He is very near to me while I write, and says that the death struggle which he witnessed will never be obliterated from his memory. This is not romance; the man who attempts to get out of this by contradiction will speak falsely. But this is no singular instance; these things, which cannot often take place in large cities, because of the number of Northern men residing in them, are everyday occurrences in the rural districts.—*Tribune.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1861

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York."

Anniversary Arrangements.—It may not be improper for us, in advance of the official announcement, to inform our readers the American Anti-Slavery Society will hold its next Anniversary Meeting on Tuesday, May 7th, at 10 o'clock a.m., in the Church of the Puritans, on Union Square. On the evening of the same day, the Society will hold another meeting for public addresses in the Cooper Institute. The names of speakers for these meetings will be hereafter announced. The meetings of the Society for business will be held in the Chapel of the Church of the Puritans, at such hours on Tuesday and Wednesday as may be hereafter determined.

The New York (City) Anti-Slavery Society will hold its Anniversary at the Cooper Institute on Wednesday evening, May 8th. Addresses by Theodore Tilton and Wendell Phillips. Admittance 10 cents to defray expenses.

WHAT MAY BE BEFORE US.

The Abolitionists have often been made game of because of their discerning of Crises when nobody else could see anything of the kind. They have been thought endowed with those keen optics which see what is not to be seen. But the truth has generally come to be confessed at last, that it was their eyes that were clear, and those of the rest of the world darkened that they could not see. It is as true as Truth, indeed, that every moment is a Crisis full of fate. Yet there are recurring moments in the life of a nation which are as critical as the instant when the fever turns and sets its fiery tide towards the shores of life or of death. These moments the patient is very apt to know nothing of in the extremity of his pain, or in the false rapture of his delirium. But the calm physician who sits by the bedside notes the symptoms, compares them with those of his former experience or his professional reading, and is fit to decide whether the Crisis be a wholesome or a fatal one. So it is with men whose eyes are fixed on the ground and their souls absorbed in the scrapings-together of the muck-rake, which they call their business. They do not notice the symptoms of the body politic of which they are members, and refuse to discern any signs of disease or dissolution, as long as the distemper does not lay hold upon themselves. The Abolitionists have always been the careful watchers, marking the accesses of dangerous disorders and pointing out the dangers which they portend; though seldom heeded and often vilipended and assailed for the disturbance of their warning voices and the interposition of their healing hands.

But, however it may have been in the time past, there are few that will deny that we are now in the midst of a crisis, which may determine our national condition for long years, according to the turn it may take. To be sure, so mad is the delirium of the hour that the physicians, who have prognosticated the disease and have pointed out the way of escape and still offer to medicine the land to health again, are accused of having caused it and hated as the occasion of the woes that they have only predicted and tried to prevent. Just as the ignorant populace of some great cities accused the physicians of having poisoned the wells and created the cholera, which they were devoting their lives to cure. But the reality of the Crisis no one doubts now, because everybody feels its effects in their business and bosoms. It is, indeed, a momentous one, and its progress may well be watched with the keenest interest by the lovers of Civil Liberty as well as the lovers of filthy lucre. For its influences on that life and breath of Commonwealths are yet to be determined, and may increase and purify it, or poison its elements and make it a minister of death in the shape of an angel of light. It is a crisis which has been growing to its present point for the seventy years of our national existence, and the time has now come when the question which has lain under our whole history is to have a final solution—or, at least, one which shall settle it for a long time. Slavery is either to be accepted or rejected as the rightful and supreme sovereign of the Nation. As long as its virtual supremacy was allowed, it permitted the government to go on, under its old names and phrases of liberty; but as soon as there seemed to be a remote danger—and very remote it looked!—that the phrases and names might be growing to stand for things, they broke it up and refused to have any part or lot in it.

This result, if it had only involved in it all the slave States, would have been a satisfactory solution of the question. It would have shown that Slavery and Liberty cannot coexist in the same nation, and the whole North would in due time have accommodated itself to the new state of things, and we should have had a chance for a real Republic—a genuine government of the people, which we have never yet had. But the insane wish to retain the States which have not yet cut their connection with us, and to lure back those that have turned their backs upon us with every incident of insult and injury which a thirst for revenge and for plunder united could suggest, complicates this natural and ultimately inevitable conclusion of the whole matter. We say ultimately inevitable conclusion; because we are not yet willing to believe that the North will consent to sit down quietly under the conditions on which alone she can hope for the pardon of the South, forever. It may for awhile; but the Abolitionists have been too long at work, acting on the general mind specifically as to its duty in this very matter, to permit us to believe that their labors can have been all for naught. We have created the Republican party, we have educated the popular feeling up to the point of electing a President in the teeth of the whole Slave Interest; and though these creatures of ours may be too weak for the place which we have prepared for them, we believe that it will be rather in the manifestation than in the essence, and that there will still remain behind anti-slavery *stamina* enough to build up a vigorous constitution, able to encounter the struggles which must impend over any future of Compromise and Concession. Slavery must either be absolute and acknowledged mistress of the whole country, or she must excite such an antagonism as must drive her again to Secession or to Emancipation.

The slaveholders have clearly outgeneralled the Republicans. They are masters of the situation, and can now dictate what terms they please as the price of their return into the fold. The Republicans obviously were taken by surprise, and did not believe that the slaveholders would carry out their threats of disunion, in case of Mr. Lincoln's election. It certainly was not the fault of the slaveholders, who had been explicit enough. Finding themselves in this predicament at their accession to power, they were evidently at a nonplus, and the state of their minds was darkly shadowed forth in the Delphic utterances of the Inaugural. The game of the President, or rather of Mr. Seward—in the intervals of punishing the men who made Mr. Lincoln President—is to get the Seceded States back into the Union at whatever cost. What that cost is to be is what the people of the North have now most seriously to consider. The ransom which they must pay, for having elected a President to suit themselves instead of their masters, is one which those masters alone must name. If we must have a Reunion, it must be on such terms as we can get it, and these terms must be accepted by those who want the Reunion. The slaveholders would be fools to come back under any less guaranties than the most extreme that have ever been dreamed of. For they can have anything they please to ask for. The Border States will not stay unless all their rights are secured, and, of course, the Cotton States will not forgive us on easier terms. But what are these rights? And how are they to be secured? The slaveholders have had everything their own way, under the old *régime*, up to last November; what arrangements can we make to let them have more than this under the new one? As far as their constitutional rights of slave representation, the recapture of fugitive slaves and the suppression of slave insurrections, the Republicans are as loyal as the Democrats. What more can they have?

We think that Mr. Hilliard, of Alabama, gave the key to the mystery in his speech, or letter, in which he said that it was not the Personal Liberty bills, nor any apprehension of unconstitutional interference with slavery on the part of Mr. Lincoln, that made secession necessary. It was the moral disapprobation of slavery itself, that his election argued, which compelled it. The Cotton States will not come back, and the Border States will not stay, unless they can be warranted against blasphemy against the god of their idolatry in the provinces they may take again into favor. They would be fools to take anything less than this—for this they can get. At least, the promise of it. Already organizations exist pledged to the illegal prevention of the discussion of slavery, and even to the prevention of Republican Senators to be heard in public meetings. The Democrats and Belleverett men sympathize with this conspiracy against free speech, and indeed constitute it. Republicans in office refuse to interfere with their demonstrations. How long a step will it be from this to the actual enactment of laws by Congress, if not by the States, making the public discussion of slavery sedition, punishable by fine and imprisonment? [illegible] seceded States return they can pass such [illegible] ones, and the only obstacle between its pas[illegible] execution would be the Presidential Veto. [illegible] that veto be interposed? Suppose this be the main condition of the reunion? Have we any reason to believe that Mr. Seward would advise a veto in such a contingency? Great must be the faith of the man that believes it. If "Freedom is always in the Union," of course there would be freedom enough for him, then. He and his party would be allowed the freedom of holding their offices, under a hostile majority in Congress, for the next four years. Were not this worth all it would cost? We have not time to follow up these suggestions now. We throw them out for consideration. The slave States are to be conciliated and brought back. What have we left to buy them with except our rights of free speech and a free press? Let us begin to count the cost betimes, and see whether the purchase be worth the price.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

It is in many cases doubtful taste to write, during a man's lifetime, the good we think of him. In this golden age of mutual pufferies for fame or profit, when clergymen present certificates of laudation to the last pillmaker which might be fit testimonies to the service of Howard or Wilberforce, and exalt, as benefactor of his race, the compounder of the new hair dye, in terms in which the rationalistic school of Socinians would hardly confess the Redeemer of the world—at such a time it is awkward to meddle with the desecrated language of enthusiasm and respect. It has been remarked by foreigners that sensitiveness to public opinion rages with a morbid ferocity in our land—that the passion for praise is as universal as the love of praiseworthiness is rare. As the Romans pelt each other with sugar-plums at the Carnival, we are ever bandying "ripe scholars," "distinguished statesmen," "profound historians," "inspired poets"; though, still like the confectionary shower of the Italians, they turn out to be imitation articles in very coarse plaster. With these and other reasons for holding our peace, it has not been our custom to declare at length our sense of the services of him whose name heads this article. At the present time, however, when in an Eas[illegible] the violence of baffled slavery has con[illegible] at [illegible] upon Mr. Phillips—when evidence has come to [illegible] his person has been in actual dan[illegible] degraded—we are disposed [illegible] the [illegible] which will one day surround his name, so far as necessary to urge his friends in [illegible] to [illegible] watchfulness that a life of infinite [illegible] the c[illegible] receives no detriment.

The direct influence of Mr. Phillips on [illegible] specific reformation is the least valuable possession he has given our people. The high moral teaching of the man, with every worldly advantage within his grasp, who never allows the wave of popular opinion he himself has attracted to overtake him, who ever labors in a hopeless minority, most critical towards those whom inclination and interest would conciliate—all this carries with it a sublimity too near us to be fully recognized. We do not think that Mr. Phillips has brought to the anti-slavery cause in America more zeal and purpose than others we could name, but his great gift has continually exposed him to brilliant and subtle temptation that only those similarly endowed could know. Mankind have ever made large allowance for great orators, whose Siren blandishment has savored of death to others and themselves. They have reflected how few could possess their souls in health and steadiness with this Alladin's lamp concealed in their bosom. And this tenderness of consideration has been often demanded. Suspicions have been associated with Demosthenes; the fame of Tully, despite the elegant perfumery of Middleton, must be forever tainted with cowardice and timeserving; while Fox and Sheridan soared through the highest heaven of invention to grovel in the debaucheries of Carlton House. In our own land this gift of rich and persuasive speech has been no less fatal to its possessor. The pyrotechny or artillery of words blazed or thundered before the crowd; but when the noise and smoke had passed, and men asked eagerly for the result, they were shown, perhaps, an unclad figure returning thanks for a Taylor nomination, perhaps an obituary nightmare by Dr. Adams, or, finally, some copies of the New York Ledger.

We have the rare privilege of claiming for the greatest American orator the purest self-sacrifice united with the most popular genius. His career has had an unspeakable influence in elevating the tone of the best of our public men, and has powerfully restrained the worst from the full degradation whither they tended. It seems almost trifling to notice anything so ridiculously shallow as the test of influence lately promul[illegible] gated by the younger Mr. Dana. It is, indeed, [illegible] to produce "the convert of note" he calls for, [illegible] wholly abandoned the market worth of talent, [illegible] ter of wealth, the society of culture, for the self-denying logic of Mr. Phillips. But that this is the measure of weight for determining the success of a teacher of the higher moralities, is an idea of refreshing originality. The reputed Son of a Nazarene carpenter Mr. Dana would probably allow to have had some influence in the world; yet not even the clergy of his Episcopal Church present the right cheek when the left is smitten, or receive rich young men with very uncompromising conditions. Is the influence of Edwards to be bounded by the number of those who accept, to the letter, his rigid scheme of theology, or that of Channing by a handful of New England meeting-houses? In estimating a man's real influence on his times, the number of his nominal adherents is about the last thing to consider. Few men ever diffused greater influence through their own and the succeeding age than Edmund Burke; yet during the best portion of his life he was struggling in feeble minorities, and ever alienating the friends he acquired by the criticism of invincible honesty. The mightiest effort of his life terminated in defeat; yet the influence of that great prosecution in Westminster Hall is working in England and India to this day.

And Edward Burke is almost the only master of persuasive rhetoric whose public services, during the season of his vigor, compare honorably with those of Mr. Phillips. What relation the accomplished intellects of these great orators may bear to one another, it is not now the time to consider. But looking only at the efficient part of Burke's career, we shall find in both the same animating spirit. Both made constant sacrifices to the honest use of their talent, and the clamor of the assailants of each is almost identical. It is true, however, that our distinguished countryman has given up far more to the purity of his great office than Burke was ever called upon to offer. The stormy opposition of the Commons was forgotten in the intimate society of those most famous in literature and knowledge; and the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University, since filled by Bulwer and Macaulay, gave what position of honor science and elegant culture could bestow. The societies of Boston, historical, literary, scientific—circles of plausible dillettantism, with a few men of genius for their centres—have never been enriched by one as eminent in a rare speciality as Pierce or Agassiz. The degrees and emoluments of Harvard College are not for that one of her sons whom all acknowledge to be the most brilliant orator she ever graduated, and whom men of the best life and judgment consider the representative of her early benefactors grown to the full stature of to-day. It may be objected with truth, that Mr. Phillips might at any time have had these things for the asking. By retreating but a little from his extreme position, he could have fallen gracefully into the leadership of the Republican party. For a little silence, a trifling "discretion," he could to-day have departed on his foreign mission, or have led the congenial society of men of science and intellect from the well-stuffed chair of a *belles-lettres* professorship. But it is by declining these coveted possessions that Mr. Phillips has placed us under lasting indebtedness. Numbers of young men, growing into a society where the standard of success was the dollar, or the market salutations of reputable Commonplace, have paused in wonder as they beheld a man, who could gain these things in a degree tenfold greater than they could hope, passing them by to pursue in solitude a more excellent way. Let it be proved that Mr. Phillips never convinced the intellect of a single person upon points where the intellect only was addressed—let it be shown that he never advanced a single reform by direct advocacy—and we claim that the gratitude due to him is scarcely diminished. It is owing to efforts and lives such as his that Mr. Dana and his friends can no longer enter political life heedlessly, as a scramble for pay or local distinction, but must pretend at least to aim at raising government to a [illegible]al standard. He has held up great princi[illegible]dly before the crowd, that the successful [illegible]s obliged to honor them in name, and excuse [illegible] practical application by ingenious sophisms. It is curious to mark how subtly, by what indirect means, the influence of this man pervades classes utterly antagonistic to the verities he declares. Wendell Phillips, the abolition agitator, is still an offence to the gentilities of Beacon street and the Fifth avenue; but any one who can remember ten years may see how they have yielded to his moulding like potter's clay. This interpenetration of old and new is always going on. Slowly and painfully we travel to the light with what assistance our friends and neighbors may bestow. But when a great system of evil is to be shattered, when men are sorely tempted, and can neither fight nor yield with dignity, a man of power is sent to show how sweet and practical is truth.

We must reserve for another occasion some remarks on the oratory of Mr. Phillips, as an æsthetic triumph, and as an instrument for the advancement of the great principles to which it has been devoted. This, however, is of minor consequence, being least among the claims of him whom we have considered. Rhetorical display, the softening of our rough English till it murmurs like the Tuscan, will always command notoriety; but not necessarily admiration or respect. Posterity will dwell little upon such accomplishments, but will prefer to characterize Wendell Phillips in that noble sentence which Burke wrote upon his friend Rockingham, "A man worthy to be held in remembrance, because he did not live for himself." ✱

CHARACTERISTIC DUPLICITY.

When, last week, we expressed the belief that not one of the popular religious journals in this country would republish the anti-slavery speeches of Doctors Guthrie, Alexander and Cheever, lately delivered at Edinburgh, it had not occurred to us that *The Independent* might possibly avail itself of certain parts of Dr. Guthrie's castigation of Dr. Hodge, which, taken from their connection, would *seem* to warrant the assumption that the Scotch divine intended his censures not for the American Churches in general, including Congregationalists, but exclusively for Presbyterians. But that is precisely what *The Independent*, with characteristic du[illegible] has done! Those who read Dr. Guthrie's [illegible]c, as it appeared in these columns a week [illegible]ve observed that he treated Dr. Hodge not [illegible] Presbyterian, but as a distinguished representative of the *American* Pulpit—a sort of "specimen [illegible] the walls of the *American* Zion. *The Independent*, however, affects to understand him as incul[illegible] [illegible]teri[illegible], and, with a self-complacency quite amusing, it remarks that the speech "ought to be read in all the Presbyterian Churches"; and so indeed it ought, and in all Congregational Churches as well, for the latter, scarcely less than the former, are in guilty complicity with slavery and slaveholders. If Presbyterians are to be held responsible for the pro-slavery utterances of Dr. Hodge, what shall we say of the Congregationalists, who embrace in their pale such notorious champions and apologists of slavery as Southside Adams, Dr. Lord of Dartmouth, Dr. Cook, Dr. Blagden and Dr. Nott? We might name a score of others, scarcely less prominent than these as representatives of American Congregationalism, whose influence is as pernicious in kind as theirs or that of Dr. Hodge; and we are sure that Dr. Guthrie meant to apply his rebukes to them all, without any such discrimination as that which it suits *The Independent* to attribute to him.

THE SATANIC TRACT SOCIETY.

We follow that watchful anti-slavery journal, *The American Baptist*, in applying the name, *Satanic Tract Society*, to an association recently formed in this city, and whose "Programme" will be found under the Pro-Slavery head on the first page. If the reader will look at the said "Programme," he will see that no epithet milder than "Satanic" could fitly characterize an association instituted from such motives and for such purposes as are therein avowed. The object of the organization, plainly stated, is to put down abolitionism and build up slavery; or, in the words of *The Baptist*, "to prove the Declaration of Independence a lie, at least in its natural sense, and to show the Scriptural and blessed influences of slavery upon the Africans." A gigantic work, to be sure! The authors of the scheme, having for thirty years affected to regard the anti-slavery movement with contempt as a mere outbreak of fanaticism, confess at last that that movement has acquired such potency that nothing short of a combination of all its opponents, without distinction of sect or party, can resist its onward march. Mobs (countenanced if not instigated by men holding high places in both Church and State) have seemed to accelerate rather than hinder [illegible] [illegible]nunciations of Abolitionists as incendi[illegible] agrarians and infidels, have proved [illegible] now at last these prophets of despotism [illegible] meet us in the arena of discussion and to put us down with our own weapons! We welcome them to the onset, assuring them that we shall neither give nor ask for quarter. "O that mine adversary had written a book!" exclaimed the patient man of Uz; the Abolitionists have nothing to ask on this score, for their adversaries propose to do them the favor of scattering pro-slavery tracts in every nook and corner of the land, and thus to aid in promoting the moral agitation which can end only with the proclamation of liberty to every slave.

The leaders in this new crusade indulge in some statements which lead us to conclude that they are either very unscrupulous or very forgetful. The "teachings" of Abolitionists, they observe, "have been *seldom rebuked*, because deemed feeble and harmless. But they have *increased by indulgence*." The stream of obloquy which for thirty years has been poured out upon the heads of Abolitionists, from the pulpit and the press, the mobs they have been called to face, and the social proscription visited upon them, were not intended, we suppose, to "rebuke" their interference with slavery, but only as indications of patient "indulgence" of their heresies on the part of a long-suffering community!

The list of officers of this Society, exclusive of the Vice-Presidents, will be found on the first page. The President, it will be seen, is Prof. Morse, the inventor of the magnetic telegraph. It will require more than his inventive skill, we imagine, to convince the people of the North that slavery is a divine institution. In the list of persons constituting the Executive Committee we find the names of Sidney E. Morse, former proprietor and editor of *The New York Observer*, and Edwin Croswell, former editor of *The Albany Argus* and wire-puller of the Van Buren "Regency." The Secretaries, Rev. Hubbard Winslow and Rev. Seth Bliss, need no introduction to Abolitionists, especially to those living in New England. In the whole body of pro-slavery ministers in the United States it would be hard to find two meaner or more subservient tools of the Slave Power. They can quote the Scriptures in defence of slavery with an unction that Pecksniff himself might envy. The "Programme" was probably written by Mr. Winslow, and it is enough to say that it is worthy of him. The Vice-Presidents are not yet elected, but only "proposed," the persons named for the honor being asked, in a printed circular, whether they will consent to serve. The list is headed by the Rev. Gardiner Spring, D.D., and includes the names of Rev. Dr. Stringfellow, of Virginia; Rev. Dr. Lord, of Dartmouth College; Ex-Presidents Van Buren, Tyler, Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan; all, or nearly all, the Bishops of the Episcopal Church; John Bell and Stephen A. Douglas; Archbishop Hughes, and three other Prelates of the Catholic Church; Rev. Nehemiah (Southside) Adams and George Bancroft. They will all, probably, make haste to accept the proffered honor! The list of Honorary Members, beginning with Edward Everett and ending with Max Mayer of Lynchburg, Va., is truly portentous, bristling at every point with "Hon.," "Rev.," or "Esq.," and including specimens of all the classes in the Old Fogy herbarium. We miss, however, the name of that eminent champion of conservatism, slavery and the Union, James Gordon Bennett. Is it not strange that he should have been overlooked? We hope that Messrs. Morse, Winslow, Bliss & Co., are not the victims of any unworthy prejudice in regard to so steadfast a friend of their cause as the editor of *The Herald*!

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, March 25, 1861.

The new Administration keep their secrets very close, and it is impossible to get hold of facts enough to predicate a policy upon. This is very unlike Buchanan and his crew, for they allowed *The New York Herald* every morning to give the full details of the yesterday's Cabinet quarrel, and the President always seemed delighted when the report was accurately given, though it might reflect no credit upon himself. Mr. Lincoln manages his affairs with more prudence and statesmanship. He keeps almost everything that transpires at the White House to himself, and the members of the Cabinet are as reticent as himself. Doubtless this is an excellent thing for the country at large, but it is vexatious to the newspapers and their correspondents, who find it hard to know what the new Administration is driving at.

We shall probably know in a few weeks what the policy of the Administration is towards the great rebellion; at present, it seems as if everything in reason would be done to avoid a collision with the Secessionists. The policy of Mr. Seward is peace, and Mr. Seward has a powerful influence over the President. There are very strong reasons for pursuing this policy. Every genuine Southern man here begs for peace—for an avoidance, at whatever cost, of hostilities. Such men as Johnson of Tennessee, and Green Adams of Kentucky, declare that if the rebels are let alone they will get sick of their rebellion, and that not another slave State will leave the Union. Is this true? If so, it may be a shrewd piece of statesmanship for this government to keep its hands still folded. But the difficult point is that the rebel government will not consent to peace, unless this government will give up Fort Pickens and the territory of New Mexico, as well as all attempts to collect the revenues within the territory of secession. The Administration, it is believed, is willing to relinquish the Southern revenues, for it can't collect them without an extra session of Congress. If no extra session is called, it will show that Mr. Lincoln prefers to risk the revenue question rather than the Congress. As to Fort Pickens, the government *dare not* give it up, nor does it desire to do so. It would outrage Northern sentiment beyond the pitch of endurance. The Republican masses would not stand it for one moment, and they could not, without acknowledging that they did Mr. Buchanan the grossest injustice last winter. Here, then, is the point of difficulty; Gen. Jeff. Davis will not consent to peace unless Fort Pickens is surrendered. Mr. Lincoln will not surrender Pickens, and after a suitable time has elapsed, Davis wil[illegible] to reduce the fortress. Then the contest wil[illegible]ce—if we are to have any at all. Twist and [illegible] we will, it is going to be a very hard matter t[illegible] conflict of arms with the new republic. F[illegible] Pickens be surrendered, then, for the sake [illegible] we must abandon New Mexico to slavery and t[illegible] States. Will we do it? If not, then a conflict [illegible] over the territorial question.

I am aware that Senator Johnson [illegible] that if we abandon the forts in the seceded States, those States will, in a little while, return to the old Union; but in his case is not "the wish father to the thought"? Simmons of Rhode Island said, the other day, in the Senate, that in a few months the seceded States would be entirely sick of their treason. But how does Senator Simmons know anything about the future? I cannot forget that leading Republicans for years have derided the very idea of a dissolution of this Union. "A slave State leave this Union—a man would just as soon cut his own throat!" How much talk of this kind we have heard within the last twenty years, and yet, very suddenly, the Union was smashed. It may be glued together again, but it is no less true that we have seen the pieces scattered in every direction.

At present it looks very much as if the Administration would, for the sake of peace, avoid an extra session, waive the revenue question, abandon Fort Sumter, and, if possible, avoid a collision at Fort Pickens. The result of such a policy it is, as yet, impossible to foresee. It certainly is not adopted because of fear or cowardice, but because Mr. Lincoln believes it to be the *wisest* course for him to pursue.

Mr. Breckinridge, in his speech last week, took a new view of Mr. Seward's course—a view that saves Mr. S. from a vast deal of reproach, both now and hereafter. According to the ex-Vice-President, Mr. Seward is simply playing a deep game for the ultimate overthrow of slavery in this country. His plan is to divert the attention of the American people temporarily from the slavery issue, and gain for the Republican organization all the popularity which would naturally flow to it from a reputation for Unionism. When "the Union is saved," then, according to this new interpreter of Mr. Seward—then the Republicans, under the lead of their old captain of the "irrepressible conflict," will return to the attack upon slavery stronger than ever, and, in fact, invincible. Mr. Breckinridge expressed the opinion that slavery has nowhere so sagacious and so bitter an enemy as William H. Seward! Perhaps it is fair to give Mr. Seward the benefit of this opinion.

The Senate is slowly changing its officers. Some of them need to be dismissed, for they have been most villanous Democrats in the past, though they pretend now to be the cleverest fellows in the world, and the soundest Republicans! There is some complaint that radical Republicans, the moment they are in power and have patronage, take good care to bestow it upon men who were never Republicans till they saw where "the spoils" were about to lie. There is some truth in this. Some of our most radical Republicans—those, at least, who come from States most decidedly anti-slavery—act very queerly when breathing the atmosphere of Washington. An *anti-slavery man* they avoid here, and, when they get home, court that kind of people! The reason is plain enough. It is the anti-slavery sentiment which has given these gentlemen their places in Congress, and when they get here, they are a little ashamed of it. Well, we must take men as we find them, and get the best kind of anti-slavery work out of these men that we can. As for the offices, let them go to the mercenary, the impudent, the hypocritical. That man who is a Republican because he wants an office ought never to have one, though he is likeliest of all to get it. The genuine anti-slavery advocate cares little who *the agents* are, so the anti-slavery work is well done. It is, however, a little provoking to see *enemies* promoted to some of the most desirable places within the gift of the President. Let me cite an instance. Henry Sanford, of Connecticut, has been appointed Minister to Belgium. The appointment was made very early, and of course it was understood here that Mr. Sanford was a good Republican. I am informed by those who ought to know that last spring, in the terrible struggle in Connecticut between the Republicans and the hosts of negro haters, Mr. Sanford took no part, but gave his sympathies openly to the pro-slavery Democracy! If this statement be true, is it not a very singular appointment? The contest last spring was the key to the great Presidential conflict which followed it, and the Administration well knew it. If Connecticut had gone for the Southern party, it is probable that the Presidential victory would have belonged to the same party. And yet here is a man of no extraordinary abilities taken up for a very high diplomatic position—because he sat astride of the fence during the contest between parties, ready to jump over upon the winning side! There may be some mistake about the alleged facts in the case, but I fear not. Mr. Seward befriended Sanford, and carried him upon his back over the shoals.

It is a singular fact that Mr. Seward is now applying the rule to certain Republicans that was applied to him at the Chicago Convention. You will remember that the most prominent alleged reason for his overthrow was that the good, the success, of the party demanded that he should be laid one side. A more conservative man, policy, expediency declared must be made the standard-bearer for the Presidential contest. So Seward was beaten. And now the rejected at Chicago is the corner-stone of the new Administration, and politely tells the men who thought him too radical to be President, "Gentlemen, *you* are too radical to occupy any government office in these revolutionary times. We must have more conservative men just now, for the sake of the country *and the good of the party*." A pretty fair specimen of "poetical justice," isn't it? I know of more than one instance where gentlemen have sought place under Mr. Seward, who opposed his nomination at Chicago because he was then thought too radical.

So far the ex-Senator seems to have pretty much his own way with the President, so far as the distribution of offices in his department is concerned. When he gets outside of his own beat it is a little different. A sharp contest is waging between Hiram Barney and his competitors for the office of Collector for the port of New York. Mr. Chase is undoubtedly the friend of Mr. Barney, and Mr. Seward opposes him. Mr. Barney belongs to the coercive wing of the Republican organization, and, of course, the cotton politicians make a fierce opposition to his nomination. Mr. Seward demands that [illegible] and Thurlow Weed's friend, Captain Schultz, shall have the Marshalship of New York. I am told that Rynders is the better man of the two—that Schultz is entirely unfit for the place; but this may be a mistake. It is the most important office in New York, so far as the interests of the country are concerned, and should be filled by a man of great energy and unimpeachable integrity. If a man gets the place who can be bribed by a hundred thousand dollars, then the African slave trade will buy up the fellow's soul. Any intimate friend of Thurlow Weed *must be* unfit for it, and if Mr. Lincoln is going to be over-persuaded into filling this place with an incompetent man, he deserves the most severe condemnation. But he will not *knowingly* do wrong, I am sure, in this matter.

Gov. Morgan and Mr. Weed have been here for a week, trying to carry the Seward class of office-aspirants through the mill. So far as the mere matter of the offices is concerned, it is of little moment how it is decided, but, as an indication of the position of the President, it is of considerable importance. Avon.

Our European Correspondence.

Dublin, February 16, 1861.

A letter from an American friend of ours now lies before me, in which (speaking of the present distracted state of political affairs amongst you) he asks, how would a worthy and zealous Englishman, who was in your country some short time since, now regard your moral and political position? When in America, he never could understand why the Abolitionists were always at such fearful war with the "respectable," the "religious," the "wise," and the wealthy, in every community where Abolitionists are to be found. He would always insist that the fault must be partly theirs. Even so, he must admit that he himself, as well as they, was most unsuccessful in his attempts to bring our pro-slavery saints, as well as pro-slavery sinners, to a proper recognition of the claims of humanity. Our friend adds that, as matters actually stand on your side of the ocean, Dr. Cheever is as obnoxious to the advocates and apologists of slavery as ever Garrison was, and that the Republican party, led by such men as Seward and Sumner, is as much abhorred by Northern and Southern conservatives as the American Anti-Slavery Society itself. He continues: "Freedom of speech must be sacrificed, Personal Liberty laws must be repealed, the Constitution must be altered, the African slave trade must be reinstated and become again lawful commerce, in order that slavery may have free course, and run and be glorified in all the land. Whoever opposes is a traitor, to be execrated if not executed. The malignity of our disease is now beginning to be revealed; and our most cautious and calculating friends now see that to have led the van, even in the midst of disgrace, is now no dishonor. But how must we look to-day to the civilized world?" Well, as far as I have the means of knowing, I am afraid they regard your position as extremely puzzling, if not utterly ridiculous. After the Presidential election, the idea that the North would make contemptible concessions to the politically vanquished Southerners was regarded as out of the question. This would be to take trouble for nothing—to play the part of fools, to abdicate their position as victors and to enthrone the vanquished in their place—in fact, to do with their eyes open what no party, successful in a good cause, had ever done before. People here cannot comprehend how it is that your Northern politicians are so boastful, arrogant, and overbearing when they have to do with foreigners, and so ready to crouch like beaten hounds in the presence of a handful of swaggering slaveholders, or ignorant, brutal, and barbarous "mean whites." Amidst all this craven proclivity, to give up all they have gained, and a good deal of what they had previously possessed, under the name of compromise and concession, how does it happen that not one word is said of compensation, concession, or apology to the North for all the robbery, violence, and murder her citizens have suffered at the hands of the seceding States? Amidst all the clamor that has reached my ears of love for the Union, and of glory in its greatness and thanks for its blessings, I have not yet seen anything like a plain matter-of-fact statement of how the free States are benefited in wealth, trade, morals, power, or respectability, by their ill-starred union with the slave States. Are the Northern States unable to stand alone? Have they not land, energy, activity, skill, industry enough to enable them to take good care of themselves, unless they have also the slaveholder to look after, and the slaves to keep down? The South, just at present, cuts by far the most respectable figure. Their cause is a very wicked and a very base one, but they have been so used to flourish the lash and to play the tyrant, that they have more confidence in themselves than those Northern merchants and manufacturers whose patriotism and self respect are centred in their money bags. There is a deplorable contrast between the high-souled devotedness of the great living statesmen of Italy at the present time, and the want of confidence in a good cause just now evinced by your leading politicians. Buchanan is despised for his shuffling in the interest of the South. Seward has lost respect by his blowing now hot, now cold, on the side of liberty. There appears to be little confidence in principle. A selfish and narrow-souled expediency is the polar star of the hour, and republicanism is not just now popular in these parts. Still we hear that there is a number of Republicans, sufficient to prevent the consummation of those shameful concessions that are rumored on all hands. My reliance is partly in such as these, and partly in the infatuation of the Southern leaders, who, it is said, want no compromise and wish for no concession. Suppose you made up the quarrel, kissed and made friends, how would the Southerners swagger! What kind of account could travelling Americans give of affairs at home? In such an event permanent peace would be impossible, for the great mass of Northern men would be unable to bear the disgrace of having "knuckled down" to the lords of the lash so ignominiously and so needlessly. These are strange times for the world—liberty soaring up, young and vigorous, from the long subject Appennines, and slavery spreading abroad over the great republic of the West. Here, your crisis is regarded with profound and friendly interest, and no expression indicative of ungenerous exultation is heard on any side.

R. D. Webb.

Joshua R. Giddings has been appointed United States Consul-General for British America, to reside at Montreal, with a salary of $4,000 a year. As Mr. Giddings, at his advanced age, would not probably care to cross the Atlantic, the government has given him a most valuable and honorable foreign appointment on this side of the water.

THE WILY DICTATOR REBUKED.

ABOLITIONISTS have cause for rejoicing whenever a wily and unscrupulous politician, who has long wielded extensive influence for personal and selfish ends, is fully unmasked. It is a sign, moreover, of the healthiness of a political party, when men of principle in its ranks are bold enough to confront an unprincipled Dictator, and expose to public reprobation his grasping selfishness and base ambition. The name of Thurlow Weed is familiar to all our readers, having become especially prominent of late in connection with the effort to lead the Republican party into a base repudiation and betrayal of the principles it has professed, upon the pretence that such an act of self-abasement is necessary, and therefore justifiable, as a means of saving the Union! He is believed by many to have been in secret alliance, for some months past, with the leaders of the Belleverett party and of one wing of the pro-slavery Democracy, for the purpose of destroying the Republican organization, and building upon its ruins a party of Union and Compromise. His treacherous course has aroused the indignation of genuine Republicans, who seem determined to resist and thwart his schemes. In this State, especially, a determination is evinced in various quarters to emancipate the party from the dictatorship which he has so long exercised over it. *The Tribune* has taken the lead in this effort, and thereby encountered the bitter hostility of Weed and his unscrupulous partisans. SAMUEL WILKESON, Esq., a member of *The Tribune* editorial staff, was lately assailed by name in *The Evening Journal*, and compelled to speak in self-defence. In the merely personal bearings of the controversy we have no interest, but we put on record Mr. Wilkeson's portrait of Mr. Weed, because we believe it to be essentially true, and to have been dictated, not by personal enmity, but by a high regard for the public good.

MR. WILKESON TO MR. WEED.

You truly say, Mr. Weed, that no words of unkindness have ever passed between us. My cause of quarrel with you is wholly of a public, and not of a private, nature. It may seem unreasonable to object to you that you have exercised a Dictatorship over the Whig and over the Republican parties in this State. But this was a seizure of representative interests—a usurpation of rights which are as positively property under our representative system, as are lands and goods. The right of men in villages and towns and counties to elect their own officers, and to manage and represent their interests at home and at the capital of the State, in their own way, unquestioned and unopposed, is a pure and legal right, not justly defeasable. Aimless discussions, clashing of interests, waste of time in State Conventions and sessions of the Legislature, it would be desirable to avoid. But our free plan of political life has made no provision for the tutelage and management of the representatives, either of parties or of the people. Consent cannot confer this right—for it is contradictory to our political system. Qualification for its exercise, as complete as wisdom, disinterestedness, justice, goodness, and magnanimity can make it, cannot confer the right—for it is hostile to the great business of self-government which we have undertaken. Bear with me while I complain of you that without a single equipment for the dictatorship of a party of progressive ideas, save an extraordinary talent for organization, you have for years engineered the power of a majority of the people of this State, to the management of its legislation as you wished to have it managed—to the filling of its offices as you wished to have them filled—to the disposition of the public money as you wished to have it disposed of—to the shaping of the public policy as you wished it to be shaped. Had you been an archangel, you could not have been safely trusted with this power. Disqualified by your organization from exercising it either as a statesman, a philosopher, or a moralist, your administration of it has filled the political life of this great State with a mass of evils that generations of virtuous labor will be required to eradicate. Legislation is sold at Albany. The sale of laws in France was one of the crimes for which revolution beheaded the governing class. It is with impunity that an organization, infamous throughout the nation under the name of the "Lobby," surrounds the Senate and the Assembly, and levies toll on measures of public and of private interest seeking the legislative sanction. It has been in your power at any time in the last fifteen years to crush this organization. The impression is a general one that a power exists within the Republican party which can compel the Legislature to invest cliques of individuals with valuable franchises, in derogation of private rights and in disregard of the public good. The impression is equally general that, under the guidance of this influence, powerful corporations can, at any time, purchase from the Legislature a modification in their favor of the revenue policy of the State. This is a mighty power—a power above the people's. Indeed, I shall not be charged with calumnious writing when I say that, under that fatal influence which has transferred responsibility from the people to a single individual, to create jobs for the reward of partisan services—to create new offices for needy favorites, and to increase the salaries of old favorites—to change settled laws in favor of petted interests—to permit the whole surface of our statutory system to be tossed and broken from year to year, according to the prevalence of influence and in disregard of system, all this constitutes legislation in Albany. But it is not statesmanship, nor the commonest honesty of the commonest trustee. When this legislation came in, the beautiful old idea of the Public Good went out, and got lost. In lieu of it, we are cursed with a morbid sentiment which seeks in public employment an escape from hard work, and a debauched standard of desert in candidates for civil service. The sense of the fitness of the official to the place is gone. Statesmanship for the high offices—responsibility, integrity, and experience for those which involve proprietary trusts—good character and capacity in all, are no more the conditions of public employment in the Empire State. They are only its accidents. Was this to be avoided? It was not. When serviceableness to a single individual is the test of merit, that class which one generation ago gave to the care of public affairs and the pursuit of office such men as the Livingstons, Hamilton, the Clintons, and the Spencers, may well abandon politics. Under the *régime* which dictatorship establishes, there is neither use for them nor room for them. Again, I shall not be charged with random speech when I complain that it is the effect—to be foreseen easily, but not to be avoided—of transferring responsibility from the people to a Dictator, that confidence in the stability of the laws is gone in New York; that confidence in the security of corporate property in New York is gone; that confidence in the faithful administration of the funds of the State and its interests is gone. It was this sense of insecurity, very general in this State, and industriously communicated to the delegations of other States at the Chicago Convention, which was fatal to the hopes and labors of the friends of a great statesman, who was popularly supposed to be under your influence. The objection to him, that his election to the Presidency would transfer to Washington the influences and machinery which had so deeply corrupted legislation at Albany, was conclusive against his nomination. If I *had* a cause of personal enmity against you—which I expressly disclaim—it would be, that in your defeat of Governor Seward you gave to me the great grief of my life.

To your Dictatorship I do confess myself hostile. I think that the power you possess ought to be destroyed, and the office you have usurped ought to be abated. And so long as I shall remain in the profession of journalism, I will improve timely opportunities to impress upon a free people, in a free State, that they should deliberate in Convention without an engineer, and assemble for legislation without a director.

Yours, etc., SAM'L WILKESON.

Tribune Office, March, 20. 1861.

A FEW IDEAS FROM A BLACK REPUBLICAN.

WASHINGTON, March 21, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

MR. LINCOLN's query, whether this Union is a marriage relation or a free-love arrangement, is in process of being answered. It is, or was, *a free-love arrangement*—nothing more. A marriage relation, in the true sense, is indissoluble, the parties being riveted by mutual attraction and sympathy. There can be no marriage between free labor and slave labor. The policy of one will naturally obstruct that of the other, as it has done for many years in these United States. It is better far that they should peaceably separate, and each pursue the road to material greatness in its own way. I consider that a separate Confederacy will vastly develop Southern interests. A dependence upon themselves will, upon finding the slave trade effectually blocked, lead the Southern States to manufacture, to organize land companies, and encourage the advent of free white labor in their healthy districts. With a preponderating white population, slavery will die.

President Lincoln's Administration wisely pauses before acknowledging the independence of a Southern Confederacy, that it may be assured of its consolidation and its acceptability to the inhabitants. It will then acknowledge it. If the border States should present an ultimatum, demanding a compromise with slavery extension, I venture to prophesy that President Lincoln will not accede to it. They will be allowed also to secede, and either form a third Confederacy or join the Gulf States. Secession will be no longer a bugbear, and the Northern States will draw a long breath of FREE air, and march to their great destiny with an accelerated pace. For myself, I care not how soon the border States depart. I feel dirty in being connected politically with their disgusting institution, and nothing but sympathy with the small band of anti-slavery men in each would create in me a sigh of regret.

Whether we divide into two or three Confederacies, I consider that, to avoid the expense of collecting a border revenue, there will be free trade between them, and an amicable arrangement will be entered into, to charge similar duties, that one may not prejudice the trade of the other. If the South once engage in mining and manufacturing, her ideas upon a protective tariff will more and more assimilate with those of the North. An alliance for mutual defence can be formed, mutual trade, travel, and intercourse can be amicably carried on, and as each State finds her interest in becoming free, she will rejoin the Northern States, and thus all will in some years return to the fold, wiser, better, and stronger.

T. M. N.

A STIR AT SENECA FALLS.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y., March 18th, 1861.

I CUT the following paragraph from *The Seneca Courier*, published in this place:

"INCENDIARIES ABOUT.—By reference to their advertisement, it will be seen that Parker Pillsbury and Miss Susan B. Anthony are to hold forth at Concert Hall this and to-morrow evenings. We do not approve of doing anything to fan the flames of disunion, but as they challenge the audience to question them, we hope our Union-loving citizens will attend, and see how an Abolitionist will quibble when asked a hard question. Mrs. Stanton will, of course, be on the stand, and will, perhaps, take part in the proceedings. The discourse, we understand, will not be upon anti-slavery exclusively, but upon the topics of the day. These noted personages are avowed disunionists, in fact they nearly agree with the Democrats, whom we recommend to go and hear them. However detestable their doctrines, let them have their say in peace. Free speech is the Fort Sumter of our political safety, and should never be surrendered."

This illustrates the propriety of the practice which prevails with the daily journals of announcing the movements of great people. Such advents are always attended with more or less commotion (for instance, the President elect in search of his sceptre, or Stephen A. Douglas in search of his mother). But no class of people seem to create a greater sensation in their travels, than the Garrisonian Abolitionists. When we reflect that, through the well fought campaigns of thirty years, they have at length dissolved the "covenant with death and agreement with hell," called the "Union," we cannot wonder at the long-continued and uproarious applause that meets them on all sides.

The monotony of our good manufacturing town has just been somewhat disturbed by the arrival in our midst of two emissaries from the grand army. The first meeting, being free, was very enthusiastic. Mr. Pillsbury was so rapturously received that even those who were on the platform could not fully grasp his thought, though uttered, no doubt, in his usual lucid and logical manner. The collection on that occasion was a grand *melée* of American eagles, bullets and beans. Quite significant—conquest, war and famine ever follow in the same wake.

A small admission fee secured a quiet hearing at the second meeting. Nothing holds the "unterrified democracy" in check like a tax or a tariff. Mr. Pillsbury spoke ably on the work of the present hour. It was good to hear one live, clear-sighted man, who had really something to propose to do in the present emergency. As he set forth the certainty and advantages of a "Free Northern Republic," whose foundations would be laid on a firm, enduring basis of right and justice, we all felt that it was not wise longer to waste time in simply waiting to see what the Southern despotism would do, but to set to work at once and reconstruct a government of our own.

Some of our leading citizens took part in the meeting, asking questions, which Mr. Pillsbury answered in a most satisfactory manner to all, unless we except the Republican editor, who seems foreordained to moral and political blindness, as the closing paragraph in the above extract—written days after the decision to evacuate Fort Sumter—clearly shows.

E. C. S.

THE LATE TRAGEDY AT CLEVELAND.—III.

THE ARGUMENT.

BUT while exposed in Cleveland, according to an edict from which I doubt not the devil has already taken hints to improve his own legislation—while exposed to inflictions too horribly cruel to be admitted into the sphere of penalty, poor Lucy was not left without counsel. Oh, no! The good people of Cleveland were forward to provide for their crushed and outraged sister in that respect. She had an advocate before the infernal tribunal to which she had been dragged. An argument was urged on her behalf.

According to the advocate of poor Lucy, great pains had been taken to ascertain whether she had been *more* or *less* injured. If the villain who claimed her as his chattel had, by some indulgence or oversight, himself taken her, temporarily, from the brothel-butchery in which she had been confined, her advocate might have demanded for her her inborn, inalienable rights. If the injuries which had been inflicted on her had been somewhat less crushing, he might have plead for her liberation from the monsters which were trampling her under their cloven feet. But after diligent and protracted inquiry, he found that she HAD BEEN SO DEEPLY INJURED *as to preclude any effective plea on her behalf!* She had been driven to attempt an escape from the den of pollution and blood into which an accursed conspiracy called the Union had thrust her; and, THEREFORE, she must be thrown back into the cager clutches of profligacy and cruelty! It had been proven that she had, through her dark and lean life, hitherto, been inhumanly subject to insult and outrage; and, THEREFORE, to insult and outrage she must be subjected hereafter, everlastingly! Such in substance, in its tenor and bearing, was the argument which poor Lucy's advocate delivered in the court of the blessed Union in the liberty-loving city of Cleveland! If there be in the history of hell a paragraph in which such an edict and such a court and such a prisoner and such an argument find place, God grant in tender mercy that none of us may go there!

What an argument might not poor Lucy's advocate have urged had he been intent on honoring the hallowed claims of justice—been at all true to his responsibilities! Might he not have said, My client is a child of the skies, whose origin and home are the bosom of the universal Father. She is his own daughter, in whose veins his own blood flows, and on whose personality his own image is impressed. She is human; a member of the family to which we all belong—our own heavy-laden, tear-drenched, heart-broken sister. Now, it is an ordinance older than the hills, higher than the heavens, as sacred as the heart, and as sovereign as the throne of God—an ordinance all-comprehensive, immutable and universal—the presiding genius of legislation—the very soul and substance of law under any form and name and application, that EVERYTHING SHALL EVERMORE AND IN ALL RESPECTS BE TREATED AS IT IS, CHARACTERISTICALLY. Lucy is a woman. We are bound, then, by original, inherent obligations, to adjust ourselves to her as a woman. She is our own sister. We must, then, regard her *fraternally*. She is our own sister. How can we refuse to come to her rescue when assailed as she is by assassins and ravishers? If we venture to violate the fundamental law of our existence, we rush upon suicide!

And might not Lucy's advocate most fitly have reminded the court that his client was born under the Declaration of Independence? According to its broad, self-evident assertion, was she not inalienably entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"? Was she not in these all-significant respects naturally equal to any other human name which could be repeated? At a national tribunal, in disposing of a national problem, could this most authoritative national utterance be dismissed with contempt? In an age of all-engrossing sensuality, when "the belly and its adjuncts" are worshipped as the "grand reality," the home of political and ethical philosophy, solemn bishops and lofty statesmen may find time, "between meals," to open their lips in denying what the fathers asserted, *human equality!* They may croak or chatter about the *incidental* differences which characterize, in one respect and another, the different members of the human family; and with foolhardy confidence affirm that they are *unequal* whom the fathers pronounced *equal*. They may do so till their ill-trained tongues are weary of such performances. What then? What doth their babbling prove? Do the idiots dream that Jefferson and his fellows had overlooked the diversities with which themselves are so sordidly or stupidly engrossed? Jefferson and his associates were not occupied with the *incidental features*, but with THE ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS of humanity. They indicated clearly, defined carefully, the all-vital respects, in which they pronounced all men evidently equal; they are all equally entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." They are all, however endowed and in whatever condition, respectively, to be equally protected and encouraged in making each the most of his complicated and far-reaching existence. Wherever they may be—in the midst of their acquaintance or in the midst of strangers—at home or abroad, they are entitled to the sympathy and coöperation of all around them in appropriating all the benefits which freedom may involve. It is equally their duty and their right to ascend to the loftiest heights of excellence and dignity and blessedness of which their nature, in the manner in which each of them may have inherited it, is capable. This the great Declaration peremptorily and authoratatively asserts; and this is a most pregnant and commanding truth—equally luminous and healthful—to the benefit of which every child of Adam is fully and everlastingly entitled. Bishops and statesmen may assail this grand assertion as the viper gnawed the file—till they wear away their poisonous teeth; the truth, which their malice hates, remains unimpaired, in all its worth and dignity. Lucy was born under the Declaration, and was entitled to the protection and encouragement which it so majestically offers. The remainder of this argument I reserve for another number.

BERIAH GREEN.

OLD METHODISM.—In 1805, the Rev. William McKendree (afterwards a Bishop) wrote an address to the Western Annual Conference, then about to meet in Kentucky, on behalf of Quarterly Conference of Livingston Circuit, in which occurred this striking passage, showing what the Methodists of that day thought of slavery:

"Though we cannot assist you with money at present to extend the work of the Lord, we can, no doubt, gladden your hearts by giving you a view of our purifying work at home. Isaiah saith, Undo the heavy burdens, let the oppressed go free, break every yoke, and thou shalt be like a watered garden, a spring of water which faileth not; yea, thou shalt be the restorer of the paths to walk in. This day our official brethren voluntarily submitted all their slaves to the judgment of Conference, whether bought with their money before or after joining the society, given, or born in their house; and we, thereby, had the unspeakable pleasure of decreeing salvation from slavery in favor of twenty-two immortal souls; we did not reprobate one of them. Now, if the grace of God can prompt men to act thus, you may rest assured that the God of grace never designed one immortal soul for eternal burnings.

"Brother Wm. Cade made a free offering of thirteen; now eight of these cost him $1,770, bought before joined; the other five were given or born in his house. Brother Josiah Ramsey offered up six on the altar of love; two of these cost him $850, the rest were born in his house. Brother James T. White one living man which was his all. Brothers Lewis Barker and Robert Galloway, one apiece. All these are to have salvation recorded speedily, and Brother Thomas Randolph proposed his for the next quarterly meeting. When this is done we shall, as far as we know, be free from the stain of blood in our official department. Glory, hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord!

"One thought more: if it be consistent with your authority, and it seemeth good unto you, we should be glad of liberty to exclude buying and selling from our Church; and to require of all slaveholders who may hereafter become members of the Church, to submit their slaves to the judgment of Conference, who shall determine the time of servitude upon the same principle, and have a bill of manumission recorded in the same manner as the Form of Discipline requires of buying a slave."

The Methodism of that day, if these words of Bishop McKendree are to be taken as a reflection of its spirit on the subject of slavery, was very unlike that which has resisted the anti-slavery movement during the last thirty years.

THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN THE COUNTRY.—*The Liberator*, referring to Senator Seward's declarations, that "freedom is no longer in danger," that "freedom is always in the Union," and that Republicans can only preserve the integrity of their party by "*saving* the Union," pithily says:

"Mr. Seward is manifestly stricken with fatuity. At the present time, by such talk as this, he is the most dangerous man in the country. To say that 'the battle for freedom has been fought and won,' with four millions of slaves still clanking their chains, and increasing annually more than one hundred thousand, is no evidence of statesmanship, scarcely any of sanity. To say that 'freedom is always in the Union,' while the Republican President was inaugurated and is protected at Washington solely by the aid of a strong military force to save him from assassination, and the capital itself from seizure by traitors; while the Republican party were denied their constitutional right, in nearly every slave State, to advocate the claims of their own candidates at the late Presidential election; and while Mr. Lincoln cannot safely visit the graves of his ancestors, and Northern citizens are scourged, tarred and feathered, and driven out from the South in every direction—is the grossest mockery conceivable. And to talk of maintaining the Union, by forgetting that freedom was ever in danger, while seven States have already seceded, and organized themselves into an independent confederacy, breathing defiance to the government at Washington, and laughing to scorn all overtures for conciliation, compromise, and reconstruction, is the babble of imbecility, if not a ruse of the demagogue."

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT, reported by the Corwin Committee, and passed by the late Congress, declaring that no amendment shall be hereafter adopted giving the Federal government power to interfere with slavery in the States, was submitted to the Legislature of this State by Gov. Morgan on the 21st inst. This is what the Governor said in its behalf:

"The amendment proposed is one which will commend itself to the judgment while it conforms to the sentiment of the people of the State, who, on all occasions, have avowed the doctrine of the right of the States respectively to control their domestic institutions in such a manner as they may judge most conducive to their prosperity and happiness. While New York is unalterably opposed to the institution of slavery within her own borders, and is unwilling to submit to any external interference with her internal policy, she is unqualifiedly in favor of extending any proper Constitutional guaranty desired by her sister States against the exercise of any power to interfere with or abolish the domestic institutions therein. An amendment to the Constitution, such as is now proposed, would be accepted by the border States as an earnest of the good faith of the Northern States to preserve for them for all time their Constitutional rights. I would respectfully and earnestly recommend the adoption of the resolution herewith communicated.

(Signed) E. D. MORGAN."

It remains to be seen whether the Republicans in the Legislature will follow the disgraceful advice of the Governor, backed as it is by the endorsement of President Lincoln.

"A GRAND DIFFERENCE."—Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the slaveholding Confederacy, recently delivered a speech at Atlanta, Ga., in which he pointed out the difference between that and the government founded by Washington and his associates. These are his words:

"A grand difference between the old and new Constitutions was this: in the old Constitution, the fathers looked upon the fallacy of the equality of races as underlying the foundations of Republican liberty. Jefferson, Madison, Washington, and many others, were tender of the word slave in the organic law, and *all looked forward to the time when the institution of slavery should be removed from our midst* as a trouble and a stumbling block. The delusion could not be traced in any of the component parts of the Southern Constitution. In that instrument, we solemnly discarded the pestilent heresy of fancy politicians, that all men, of all races, were equal, and we had made African *inequality* and subordination, and the *equality* of white men, the chief corner-stone of the Southern Republic."

So much for the frank confession of the Southern Vice-President. A Northern pro-slavery clergyman, however—the Rev. Dr. Stiles, late of the Southern Aid Society—anxious to commend himself to his Southern masters, attempts, in a work recently published, to prove that the fathers never expected or desired the abolition of slavery, but adjusted the Constitution thereto as a permanent institution! It takes a Northern champion of slavery to reach the acme of brazen impudence in its behalf.

EMANCIPATION IN RUSSIA.—The correspondent of *Le Nord*, writing at St. Petersburg, states that the Council of the Empire, on the 25th ult., decided that the serfs should receive their personal liberty, and that all the relations between them and their proprietors should cease at one stroke; that the peasants on each property should receive the enclosure, that is, the house they inhabit and the kitchen garden attached to it; that there should be allotted to them, at a price fixed by the government, the fourth of the quantity of ground which was fixed in the plan elaborated by the commissioners, that is, from one to two hectares according to the provinces. This allocation to be obligatory, the other territorial arrangements optional. The imperial manifesto which will publish these decisions was said to be already printed at St. Petersburg, but its appearance would be delayed till Lent. We confess our fears that this news is too good to be true, and that, on some pretence or other, the act of emancipation will be delayed.

HIRAM BARNEY, Esq., son-in-law of Mr. Lewis Tappan, and an *uncompromising* Republican, has been appointed Collector of this port. He encountered strong opposition from the Weed-Seward wing of the party, but Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, was immovable in his determination to give him the place.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for April opens with a seasonable article, by T. W. Higginson, entitled "April Days," in which the beauties of the spring wild flowers of our Northern climate are described with an enthusiasm worthy of so poetic a subject. We copy a single paragraph, in which the popular ignorance of the habits of trees and plants is by no means exaggerated:

"It is no wonder that there is so little substantial enjoyment of nature in the community, when we feed children on grammars and dictionaries only, and take no pains to train them to see that which is before their eyes. The mass of the community have 'summered and wintered' the universe pretty regularly, one would think, for a good many years; and yet nine persons out of ten in the town or city, and two out of three even in the country, seriously suppose, for instance, that the buds upon trees are formed in the spring; they have had them before their eyes all winter, and never seen them. As large a proportion suppose, in good faith, that a plant grows at the base of a stem, instead of at the top: that is, if they see a young sapling in which there is a crotch at five feet from the ground, they expect to see it ten feet from the ground by-and-by—confounding the growth of a tree with that of a man or animal. But perhaps the best of us could hardly bear the severe test unconsciously laid down by a small child of my acquaintance. The boy's father, a college-bred man, had early chosen the better part, and employed his fine faculties in rearing laurels in his own beautiful nursery gardens, instead of in the more arid soil of court rooms or state houses. Of course the young human scion knew the flowers by name before he knew his letters, and used their symbols more readily; and after he got the command of both, he was one day asked by his younger brother what the word *idiot* meant—for somebody in the parlor had been saying that somebody else was an idiot. 'Don't you know?' quoth Ben, in his sweet voice; 'an idiot is a person who doesn't know an arbor vitæ from a pine—he doesn't know anything.' When Ben grows up to maturity, bearing such terrible tests in his unshrinking hands, who of us will be safe?"

The Professor's story is concluded. Dr. Bellows of this city contributes a paper on "Cities and Parks," in which the varied features and advantages of our Central Park are minutely described. "Life in the Iron Mills" is a story which would make a truer impression if the style were more simple and natural. "The Reign of King Cotton" is the title of a paper written by Charles Francis Adams, Jr. "Two or Three Troubles" is concluded from the previous number. "Charleston Under Arms," "Glimpses of Garibaldi," etc., complete the number. Mrs. Stowe opens her new novel in the number for May.

LOUISA PICQUET, THE OCTOROON: A Tale of Southern Slave Life. By Rev. H. Mattison, A. M., Pastor of Union Chapel, New York. Sold at Nos. 5 and 7 Mercer street. Price 20 cents.

Mr. Mattison has given us in this pamphlet the story, from her own lips, of a slave in whose complexion there is only the slightest trace of African blood. The tale is deeply interesting, revealing not only the bitter experiences of its subject, but casting a vivid light into the most hidden recesses of the slave system. "If," says the editor, "such are the glimpses of Southern domestic life which a single brief narrative reveals, what must the remainder be, which is hidden from our abolition eyes? Alas, for those tell-tale mulatto, and quadroon, and octoroon faces! They stand out unimpeached, and still augmenting, as God's testimony to the deep moral pollution of the slave States. We may shudder at the heathenism of a Turkish harem, and send missionaries to convert the Mohammedans; we may stand aghast at the idea of twenty thousand Syrian women sold to supply the harems of the Mussulmans and pour out our money like water to relieve or release them; but wherein is all this a whit worse than what is constantly practised, with scarce a word of unfavorable comment, in our own Christian (!) land? If there is any difference, it is certainly in favor of the Turk; for neither his concubines nor his children by them are slaves; while in this country our chivalrous Southern gentlemen beget thousands of slaves, and hundreds of these children of our free white citizens are sold in the Southern slave markets every year."

SONNET TO CHARLES SUMNER.—We exercise more than common diligence to print correctly whatever we deem worthy of a place in these columns; but in spite of all our watchfulness, errors of the types will sometimes escape detection. The following sonnet, as published [illegible]our fourth page, on the 16th inst., was marred by a [illegible]nder in a single word, which reversed the sentiment of the author. But for the annoyance which the discovery of such an [illegible] must always occasion, we should be almost gl[illegible] on this excuse for reprinting the beautiful tribute to [illegible]e Massachusetts Senator.

TO C[illegible]LES SUMNER.

Thou and th[illegible] our Sumner, still shine on!
No dark [illegible], no spending waste, thy ray;
And w[illegible] soon could doubt the Milky Way,
Whet[illegible] enduring were its silver zone,
As question of thy truth. Their light is gone
Whose beam was borrowed: ever will Accident,
Upon a day, the garment it hath lent
Strip off—make beggars of its kings anon.
Thou and the Stars eternal, inly fed
From God's own bosom with celestial light,
Must needs emit the glory in ye bred;
Alike it is your nature to be bright.
And I, while thou art shining overhead,
Know God is with us in the gloomy night.

THE COLORED PEOPLE OF PHILADELPHIA have formed a new Society under the name of "The Colored Social, Civil and Statistical Association." We understand that they have collected a quantity of valuable information, relative to their condition and history as related with the city. On Monday evening the Hutchinson Family gave a concert at Sansom street Hall, under the patronage of this Society. The large room was crowded to excess, chiefly with people of color. The singing was of an excellent description, comprising, for the most part, simple domestic ballads and choruses. They were tremendously cheered. The entertainment will be repeated.

RICHARD HILDRETH, Esq., the historian, author of "Archy Moore," and other anti-slavery works, and for some years past connected with the editorial staff of *The Tribune*, has been appointed Consul at Tripoli. We hope he may find in the radical change of climate which his acceptance of the post will require, a medicament for the illness under which he has suffered for some time past. Of his capacity to discharge the duties of a diplomatic position it is unnecessary to speak.

THE article headed, "The Widow's Mite," on the fourth page, is from the pen of an intelligent correspondent in Philadelphia, to whom we have been indebted in times past for valuable letters. His piece is acceptable as a pleasing addition to the variety of our fourth page miscellany. The line at the top, "Musings," etc., must not be understood to imply that the article is not original.

THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION for the present year is to be held in this city, at the Cooper Institute, on the 9th and 10th of May.

OLD VOLUMES OF THE STANDARD.—The attention of subscribers and friends is once more asked to the following call of our friend Mr. Webb, of Dublin. He has taken great pains to complete a file of THE STANDARD, for general use and reference; and with the aid of friends on this side the water, who have kindly responded to previous calls, has met with encouraging success. It is now hoped that the comparatively few remaining numbers, which are still wanting, will be speedily supplied; and our friends may be sure that they could not send them where they will be more useful.

Richard D. Webb, 176 Great Brunswick street, Dublin, requires the following numbers of THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD to complete a file which he keeps for the convenience of reference by any who may apply to him for that purpose. His imperfect collection having been occasionally of use in this way, he is desirous to complete it, and any of the following numbers will be thankfully received if forwarded to the care of Rev. S. May, Jr., 221 Washington street, Boston; or to the Anti-Slavery Office, 5 Beekman street, New York.

Vol. 1—Nos. 2, 10. 13, 35 to 39. 41.
2—Nos. 11, 16, 22, 23.
5—No. 21.
6—No. 7.
7—No. 14
8—No. 12.
9—Nos. 27. 35, 36.
10—Nos. 1, 20.
11—Nos. 38, 39.
12—Nos. 4, 45.
13—Nos. 8. 11. 18. 20. 26. 45, 49, 51. 52.
14—Nos. 28, 34, 35, 42.
17—No. 27.

"THE REV. H. J. VAN DYKE," says a letter from Charleston, "ought not to have come here; he is being made a fool of by some weak men of the 'uoutide' class, but is generally conceded to have made decidedly the worst speech at the Bible meeting, and to be altogether quite an ordinary person."

Summary.

THE SLAVE TRADE, probably, from Northern ports in the United States, has never been more active than at the present moment—not even in the good old times when the merchants of Newport and Salem and Boston supplied the negro pens of Richmond and Charleston.—*Bennett's Herald.*

In Memphis, last week, a man named David Banks shot a negro woman's nose off, while trying to kill a white woman. His punishment consisted in depositing $50 with a magistrate as security for his appearance at court. The woman he tried to kill was fined $10 for being disorderly, and the negro gets not a dime nor even a flogging for having her nose blown off.

Our fervent thanks are hereby tendered to that friend who recently wrote us a private letter which contained not one word of solicitation that we should bore somebody to get him or some one else an office. We shall long hold him in blissful and grateful remembrance.—*Tribune.*

A SLAVE DEFENDING SLAVERY.—The Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph* says: "Rev. Mr. Warren, of the Baptist Church in this city, in his sermon last Sunday, stated that a negro preacher in Georgia, one who had been trained by his master to assist him in his law office, had written a work in defence of African slavery, which was now in course of publication in Atlanta."

THE FLAG OF SLAVERY.—Among the numerous designs for a flag of the Confederate States submitted to the Flag Committee of Congress, we understand, was one representing seven rattlesnakes, tied together by their tails, with a bale of cotton on one side and a jug of whiskey on the other. A Montgomery paper thinks the author of the design is a genius, and ought to have an office.

A few days ago, a man died in Baltimore, who, on his death bed, confessed the murder of one found dead some two years since. Circumstances leave no room for doubt that this confession is true. Yet, meantime, a perfectly innocent man was suspected, arrested, tried, convicted and executed as guilty of this very murder, though protesting his innocence from first to last.

The Charleston Courier states that Gov. Brown of Georgia has seized the Northern stock in the Macon and Western Railroad, amounting to a million of dollars. This information can surprise no one who has observed the method taken throughout the South to obtain forts, arsenals, a navy, ammunition and money. When all other means of replenishing empty coffers have failed, a limited and precarious revenue may be gained by robbing the trunks and fobs of the few Northern travellers who pass through Georgia.

NORTHERN FREEDOM.—Senator Wade, of Ohio, in a recent speech, said: "Nothing makes the principles of the free States stand out so clearly as the fact that the Southern States leave us because despotism cannot exist in our midst. They complain because we have a free press and love liberty of speech. The difficulty is, you cannot erect a despotism in the free States of the North. If you reconstruct the Union on a basis so as to uphold your system, you must reconstruct the throne of God, and change the human mind."

HON. CHARLES B. SEDGWICK, of Syracuse, having been applied to by a clergyman for his influence to obtain a situation in the New York Custom-house for his son, said in reply: "If you have a son who won't lie nor steal, don't, for God's sake, put him in the New York Custom-house; he would soon lose those qualities there, and get other habits not half so virtuous. Still, if you are inclined to put temptation in his way, instead of being careful and prayerful that it be removed from him, I will give him a letter, provided any friend of mine is appointed Collector."

The Richmond Whig says that "it is a melancholy fact that a larger amount of mob violence has been developed in Virginia, since the secession movement began, than in the whole previous lifetime of the State. There has been manifested an intolerance of spirit never before known; and, what is more, such intolerance is evidently on the increase, and bodes no good to law and order, and to the peace and prosperity of the citizens of the State; and, if not checked and repressed, and that without delay, it will lead to riot, revolution, and fraternal bloodshed."

CAPTURE OF FUGITIVE SLAVES IN PENNSYLVANIA.—The Frostburg (Md.) *Gazette* of Friday states that, on Saturday last, four runaway negroes were captured at Pocahontas, Somerset County, Pa., about six or seven miles from this town, by some Pennsylvania men, but, from want of knowledge of the law in such cases as to how to proceed, they sold out their "right, title, claim, demand and interest" in said capture to two men of Frostburg, who conveyed the runaways to the Cumberland jail. The negroes said they came from Pendleton County, Virginia.

SOLDIERING AT THE SOUTH.—The hired soldiers at Charleston are said to be very indignant and almost mutinous, because, while they have but little food and no beds, they have as yet received no pay. The officers have been paid, but the rank and file have reaped nothing but "glory" thus far. A young Baltimorean at Castle Pinckney writes: "We are treated worse than negroes here. We don't get enough to eat, and what we do get is of the coarsest and most common description."

EQUALITY.—Our fathers no more affirmed the "equality of races" than the uniformity of colors or of stature. What they *did* affirm was the equality of human rights, despite all diversities of color, capacity, stature, culture, and ability. Tom Thumb is not equal in height to the Belgian Giant; a deaf and dumb man is not equal in natural gifts to one who possesses all human faculties; but their equal rights as human beings are not affected by these differences.—*Tribune.*

HOW SLAVES ARE INDUCED TO FIGHT.—I have lately investigated the reasons which have prompted negroes to volunteer in the State's service. As I expected, the inducements were to escape the lash of the owner, and avoid being suspected of disloyalty to their masters. The man who talks about the negroes, free or slave, having sympathy with their drivers, talks balderdash, and knows it. I am in frequent intercourse with intelligent colored men, who are looking, as indeed all their race are, to this struggle as the beginning of that end which shall secure to them the possession of their dearest rights.—*Charleston Letter in The Tribune.*

AN ABOLITIONIST is any man who does not love slavery for its own sake, as a divine institution; who does not worship it as the corner-stone of civil liberty; who does not adore it as the only possible social condition on which a permanent Republican government can be erected; and who does not, in his inmost soul, desire to see it extended and perpetuated over the whole earth, as a means of human reformation second in dignity, importance and sacredness alone to the Christian religion. He who does not love African slavery with this love is an Abolitionist.—*Southern Literary Messenger.*

SOUTHERN COMPLIMENTS.—The Brandon (Mississippi) *Republican*, anticipating an invasion from the "myrmidons of abolitionism," breaks out thus: "Will the New Hampshire clown leave his native sawdust and reënact the character of Falstaff on some Southern Shrewsbury plain? Will the valiant Sumner lead a squad of Free Lovers into South Carolina and become reinoculated with the requisite merit for new Senatorial honors? Will Parson Beecher leave the Church of the Holy Rifles in the custody of the city police and invade Virginia with the scum of New York pauper houses, or Senator Wade depopulate Kentucky with his rag-tag and bob-tail constituency of the Western Reserve?"

SOUTHERN HONOR AND NOBILITY.—Much has been said about the honor and nobility of Southern character, but, from a protracted residence among them, I must confess I can't see it. Their principal characteristics, as far as I can judge, are unbridled license and lust; a fondness for whiskey and tobacco, and a determination to hold on to 'niggers.' The truth compels me to say that colored gentlemen possess higher traits of character in Charleston than the majority of the gentlemen with white skins. They are certainly cleaner, more industrious, and more polite; and, besides, they are quiet and sober—two phases of character seldom found in their masters.—*Tribune Letter from Charleston.*

A VIRGINIAN TAKEN FOR A YANKEE.—A curious case of mistaken identity occurred in a disreputable house the other night, and has just come to my hearing. A lanky individual, who certainly has a little of the "way down East" in his cut, was set upon by a party of ferocious military men belonging to the Southern army; he was told that he was the Yankee Abolitionist rascal they had been looking for. He was cut in several places, and robbed of a hundred and fifty dollars. The cream of the joke is that he was one of the F. F. V.s who had come all the way to Charleston to enlist in King Cotton's service.—*Charleston Letter in The Tribune.*

PRO-SLAVERY MEANNESS.—*The States* newspaper, published at Washington, lately declared that Hinton Rowan Helper, after lecturing at Dayton, Ohio, to an audience of twenty-three persons, left the place "forgetting to pay for the use of the hall, or his printing bill." Mr. Helper sent a note to the editor in which he said: "So far from having ever visited any place whatever in Ohio, I have never, in the whole course of my life, been within two hundred miles of the State line. Until I came here (Washington) on Friday last, more than six months had elapsed since I had passed beyond the suburbs of New York city." *The States* refused either to print the note or to retract the lie. Such meanness is worthy of the cause it was intended to serve.

WHITE LABORERS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—I cannot give you a better idea of the position to which the white laboring man has been reduced from the effects of this rebellion, than by assuring you that the few laboring men who are so fortunate as to be retained in the employ of the South Carolina Railway Company, are now receiving the extraordinary sum of fifty cents per day for their labor. One of their number told me this morning that his wages had been gradually reduced from two dollars to seventy-five cents a day, but that when it got below that he left, and, with his small saving, as a last resource, established a whiskey shop. Daily applications are made to the Foreign Societies here, begging them to send whole families away to the North; and the distress is increasing daily and with rapid strides.—*Charleston Letter in The Tribune.*

SLAVEHOLDING TYRANNY.—The African Methodist Episcopal Conference was lately advertised to hold its annual meeting, as usual, in Baltimore; but so malignant is the pro-slavery spirit there at the present time that the Board of Police has declared the meeting unlawful, as infracting an old statute prohibiting non-resident negroes from coming into the State, under a penalty of $20 for the first offence and of $500 for the second. Many members of the Conference reside in Virginia, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, and this tyrannous prohibition must subject them to great inconvenience. The constitutionality of the law is to be tested, in the case of a free negress, who has given the bail required. Two able lawyers are retained in the case, Mr. John H. Thomas for defendant, and Mr. A. H. Pennington for the State.

THE CHARACTER OF SLAVERY.—An honest man cannot visit Charleston now without being convinced of the utter absurdity of any attempt to defend the institution of slavery. Many Northern people who have travelled in these parts have returned home after having been deluded and deceived, and permitted to see only the surface of the whole matter, with the idea that it was not so bad as it was represented; but, after a four months' scrutinizing inquiry as to its details, I have come to the conclusion that there is no good thing connected with it: that it is rotten, and has begun to putrify: and that it will be supremely ridiculous on the part of the North to attempt to defend it or compromise with it. After minute examination of the relations the slave system bears to the free white population, I cannot help agreeing with Gov. Seward that there is an irrepressible conflict existing between freedom and slavery, between right and wrong, and that, in the end, freedom will triumph.—*Tribune Letter from Charleston.*

NORTHERN OFFICE-SEEKERS.—A Washington correspondent of *The New Orleans Crescent* thus describes the Northern office-seekers and visitors at the Federal capital: "Poor, greedy, grasping, unwashed, coarse-grained devils! Why could they not stay at home and pursue their cheating and their fanaticism in peace, selling their worthless gimcracks for double value to simple-minded, calf-brained Southerners, and attending the *seances* of their howling lecturers with steady devotion? Why precipitate themselves into this bottomless quagmire of corruption and meanness? Washington was bad enough before, Heaven knows; but what it will be after four years occupation by these pumpkin-fed, scum-covered, demi-leprous, scab-hatched, free-love enthusiasts and nigger-maniacs, mortal man can only conjecture. When Lincoln descends the throne he shall have befouled for 'twice two times the rolling year,' let Dante rise from the dead and return to the earth, for there will be a new hell for him to paint."

THE UNION THE PROTECTION OF SLAVERY.—*The Linnæus* (Mo.) *Press*, a violent pro-slavery paper, fights hard against secession, but not exactly for Southern reasons:

"Who are the Emancipationists in Missouri? The Secessionists. They wish to take Missouri out of the Union, knowing that it will abolish the institution of slavery in less than ten years. Secession is swift abolition. The institution of slavery is protected by the Federal government. Secessionists wish to deprive it of that protection. Take from slavery its support, and it falls. The Secessionists wish to take from it its support and to abolish it swiftly. He must, indeed, shut his eyes against a truth patent as the sun at noonday, who fails to see that secession is swift abolition. Black Republicans are theoretical Abolitionists, but Secessionists are practical Abolitionists. Every Ordinance of Secession is a statute abolishing slavery."

HOW THE NEGROES FEEL.—I have talked freely with negroes during the past week, in order to ascertain what disaffection existed among them. I find them much more intelligent than I expected, and nearly all of them possessing a firm conviction that at no distant day they may all enjoy the blessings of freedom. One of the free blacks, who keeps a very respectable tailor's shop, when speaking of the men who had entered the service of the State, said: "Poor things! if they had not gone they would have been whipped: but I would rather lose my right arm than help the tyrants." This good man also told me many things which led me to believe that wide-spread disaffection exists among the slaves in the interior of the State; and I am fully convinced that, unless the planters, who are now expending their gas in Charleston, do not quickly return to their homes, they will have abundant and serious cause to regret it.—*Tribune Letter from Charleston.*

LOYALTY OF THE SLAVES.—Great stress has been laid by the South on the assertion that the slaves, if not tampered with by white men, are loyal to their masters, and satisfied with their lot. I have reason to think and believe that they are mistaken. A lady who is a slave-owner told me only to-day that "niggers" were so smart now-a-days they nearly all believed they ought to be their own masters, and that she had caught her "niggers" on several occasions, when their absence was counted on, discussing the prospect of their freedom. She tells me that numbers of her acquaintance are in agonies of fear at the prospect of being left on their plantations without their husbands for a single night, and they always expected in the morning to find that the "niggers" had gone. These statements appear to be sustained by the fact that a stampede of nearly a hundred occurred within sixty miles from this city, only last week; and I firmly believe that these things are taking place without any aid or advice from white men.—*Tribune Letter from Charleston.*

KENTUCKY COMPLIMENTED.—One L. B. Manning, hailing from Cahawba, Ala., having got exceedingly wrathy because Kentucky will not secede, thus vents his spleen:

"We expected no better from a State settled by hoosiers from Western Virginia, a very low class altogether. You have behaved like dastards and deserve to be slaves. Lincoln is welcome to you, and as many more such as you and Tennessee have shown yourselves to be. That State was settled by a poor class of North Carolinians. I do not believe there is a particle of well-descended, chivalrous blood in the whole of either Kentucky or Tennessee. If the old State of Virginia should follow your example she will be beneath contempt. So you may glory in your accursed Union and your miserable rag with your stars and stripes. We will punish you by not allowing you to sell your negroes out here—the most you make is by raising them for sale, and when we stop that and refuse to buy your corn and pork, we can reduce you to starvation very soon, and you will then wish you had joined our glorious and powerful Southern Confederacy, but it will be too late."

MANNERS AND MORALS, NORTH AND SOUTH.—In the Maryland Seceders' Convention the other day, Bradley T. Johnson of Frederick City "denounced Northern society as rotten to the core, and adduced in evidence thereof a statement that ten thousand wives and maidens had left the firesides of Massachusetts, and gone to Utah to enjoy the spiritual wife system! He said the philosophy of the North was to hang Quakers, burn witches, and hate slavery, and that it was impossible for Maryland to live in such company any longer." As a commentary upon this, look at this extract from the Charleston correspondence of *The Tribune*: "Having now lived in this hotbed of pro-slavery feeling for some time, I cannot help expressing my honest conviction of that truth which you have often inculcated, viz.: that slavery is more debasing to the white man than to the negro; but, if debasing to the man, how humiliating is it to the woman. There are many instances in this city of men who breed children from their own father's children, and who do it in their own houses and under the immediate notice of their own wives."

FOREIGNERS BETRAYED.—The Charleston correspondent of *The Tribune*, in a recent letter, makes the following important statement: "I wish to direct the attention of the Emigration Commissioners in New York and Baltimore to the fact that there are scoundrels lying in wait upon the arrival of every German packet, for the purpose of decoying ignorant, uneducated men, who do not know a single word of the English language, into enlistment for the Southern army. Seventy of these poor fellows recently arrived from Baltimore, all of whom had been induced through specious promises to ship for Charleston. They now lie bleaching in the sun upon Morris Island, almost naked, with no beds and very little to eat. A true Union man, who is a German, obtained a pass, through the Captain of a German Company, to visit the Island, and went (specially at my request) to communicate with these unfortunate men. They all solemnly declare that they had no idea they were enlisted against the government of the United States, and all agree that they were deluded by false representations made to them immediately upon their arrival. There are also a number who came by way of New York, and who give a precisely similar account of the means resorted to for the purpose of entrapping them."

THE LOVE OF LIBERTY AMONG THE SLAVES.—A correspondent of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* relates the following incident. "It is astonishing to see with what sang froid the people of the South will talk of the slavery question before their negroes. I recall one occasion upon which our whole party in one of the Southern States had been discussing the subject of abolitionism in the presence of five or six attendant slave waiters. The whole question of a possible internecine war between the North and the South had been canvassed from beginning to end. One young South Carolina planter had been particularly bloodthirsty in his threats of vengeance upon the North. Should the Abolitionists (another hypothesis, you see) march down to take the city of Charleston, he would arm all his negroes, he said, and set them in the van of the defending force to do battle against their 'Northern brothers.' The conversation being over, and the company dispersed, one of the waiters, an old Charleston negro, called me out of the room on the pretence of wishing to have a felon on his finger examined by me. When we stood in the dark of the negro quarters, he whispered to me: 'Massa, do dem Abolitionists raly mean to come and help us?' 'Don't talk about such things Cæsar. No, they can't come; they couldn't help you if they would.' 'Well, Massa, I jes tell ye what; I'd like to see 'em put guns into our hands, and set us ahead to do the fighting! Dey'd find who we'd fight for! Dey dursn't put de guns in our hands! No dey darsn't!' And an hour after I heard Cesar's master say that he would trust him with his life."

THE UNDERCURRENT AT THE SOUTH.—I am happy to be enabled to assure you that there is a powerful undercurrent, even in Charleston, which is for the Union and for freedom. I am nightly in company with men who, though compelled, for the sake of their own lives and the security of their families and property, to conceal their real principles, are, and in case of an emergency will be found, true to the cause of their country, and faithful to the rights of man. They live now among an army of wild beasts, who would not scruple to massacre them if they expressed their honest convictions; but let the government of the United States place a single regiment of soldiers upon whom they could depend in the city of Charleston, they could not only collect the government dues, but could possibly restore peace to the whole South. Let the banner of the Union and the Constitution be once unfurled by men able and willing to defend it, it would not only *scare* the traitors, but would collect beneath its folds thousands of patriotic men, who will keep step to the music of the Union. The maintenance of law and order is not only necessary as against the rebels, but it is obligatory upon the Executive, if only to defend the lives and liberties of the peaceable and loyal citizens. *The Tribune*, which I get daily, I lend to at least a score of men, who are non-slaveholders, and who, on account of the reign of terror under which they are now living, are as unhappy, restless, and discontented as any of the unfortunate subjects of the Pope at Rome. The intolerance, presumption, and, as Mr. Sumner aptly styled it, the "Barbarism of Slavery," are like an iron yoke on all free speech, and almost on free thought. Allow me, however, to assure the readers of *The Tribune* that there is a strong and powerful Union and freedom sentiment, even in Charleston, panting for free air and the constitutional privileges of free speech.—*Tribune Letter from Charleston.*

Special Notices.

NO COMPROMISE WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.—Conventions, in the State of New York, to be addressed by Parker Pillsbury and Susan B. Anthony, will be held as follows:

Union Village. . ... Sunday, March 31

THE NINTH YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS will convene at Longwood, Chester County, Pennsylvania, on FIFTH DAY (Thursday), the 6th of Sixth month (June), 1861.

This annual assemblage is held for religious communion, for mutual interchange of thought and opinion, for the perpetuation of old friendships and the formation of new: in brief, for a festival of three days of social, intellectual and spiritual fellowship and profit. The members of this Religious Society do not hold their membership by virtue of any ecclesiastical vows or bonds, or of any real or supposed unity of theological belief. Their common faith, if it were written, would be simply and only the essential principle of love to God—a love to be exhibited, not through devotion to creeds and forms, but in lives of purity and beneficence, in the recognition and defence of the equal rights of mankind, in efforts to break the chains of the oppressed, and in a firm resistance to every form of iniquity and wrong.

To all persons having such feelings, desires and aims we extend a cordial invitation to meet and coöperate with the Society.

Oliver Johnson,
Joseph A. Dugdale,
Elizabeth Jackson,
Sumner Stebbins,
William Barnard,
Hannah Cox,
Dinah Mendenhall,
Josiah Wilson,
Ruth Dugdale,
Annie M. Stambach,
Mary P. Wilson,
Isaac Mendenhall,
Sarah Marsh Barnard,
Lydia Irish,
Jennie K. Smith
Ellen Angier,
Aaron Mendenhall,
Sallie Howell,
Samuel B. Underhill,
Philena Heald,
Ellie H. Mendenhall,
Eusebius Barnard.

Persons interested in the cause to which the Society of Progressive Friends is devoted, and who may be unable to attend the Yearly Meeting, are hereby assured that written communications, expressing their sympathy with the movement, or conveying the thoughts and suggestions which seem to them adapted to its objects and needs, will be gratefully received. Communications may be addressed to Oliver Johnson, No. 5 Beekman street, New York, or to Joseph A. Dugdale, Hamorton, Chester Co., Pa.

Miscellaneous Department.

PARTING LOVERS.

SIENNA.

I [illegible] dear [illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible] that so
[illegible] the proof was poor,
[illegible] sure.

B[illegible] united chimes
[illegible]
The [illegible],
[illegible] through
[illegible]

[illegible] sleep,
[illegible] night—
[illegible] the deep—
[illegible] breath and sight
[illegible] light

W[illegible] thy [illegible]
[illegible] tender "Where
[illegible]"—
I [illegible]
[illegible]

I [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] day,
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] heart!
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
D[illegible] to yield
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] hours,
[illegible]
F[illegible]
[illegible]
And take [illegible]

But we—[illegible]
Of life's [illegible]
You're gone [illegible]
I [illegible]
[illegible]

Dear God! [illegible]
And perfect [illegible]
Suppose [illegible]
By one grave [illegible]
They kill [illegible]!

What then? [illegible]
At least [illegible] dews.
[illegible]
[illegible] without cause,
[illegible]

And [illegible]
[illegible] show
[illegible]
Not sparing [illegible]
Nor this [illegible]

—*Independent.* ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

From "Musings in the Cabinet of the United States Mint," by M. J. T.

In all the varied collection of coins and medals which the munificence of the government has secured for this cabinet, commemorating as they do nationalities and dynasties long since swept from the earth, as well as principalities and powers that still have a living fame and active existence; and recalling, as they do, so much of history and biography as to bewilder the mind of the beholder, there is *one* object which, above all others, interests the visitor.

At a small *case* near the entrance, which contains, among other curiosities, the ancient Jewish coins, the stranger has his curiosity awakened by observing the earnest and eager, but suppressed inquiries of some, and the contemplative sadness of others whilst directing their attention to a very ancient looking and diminutive object labelled "The Widow's Mite."

It is the smallest of copper coins, its metalic value being scarcely one-tenth of our *cent*, yet, from the associations and reflections to which its name gives rise, as well as from its rareness, it is valued beyond price; or, to use the words of the official in attendance, "No money would buy it."

The printed slip attached, which gives its name, states that it was found in the ruins of Jerusalem, but does not inform us whether there are any other specimens of the coin extant, or whether this is the only remaining evidence of the existence of a description of money, two pieces of which once constituted the whole wealth of a pious but destitute daughter of Israel.

Whilst viewing this precious relic, the mind readily but insensibly reverts to the period and circumstance where alone its existence is recorded, and from which our impressions concerning it are drawn. We forget, for the time, that we are in a modern temple containing more of the products of a new Ophir than the edifice which the wise, yet foolish, King of Israel erected, could exhibit of gold and silver treasures.

The *mite* before us, like the talisman of the Arabian necromancer, serves to transport us at once to the Holy City, and introduces us into the temple dedicated to the worship of Jehovah. It carries us back in chronology more than eighteen hundred years, and places us amongst a people to whom our hemisphere, which now conduces so largely to the weal or woe of myriads of mankind, was utterly unknown. We see around us, in imagination, multitudes who have come up to the temple to offer sacrifices and to make intercession for forgiveness of their sins; or to return thanks for being better and holier than other men.

Among them, seated "over against the treasury," we behold the great Teacher, observant of those who entered the sacred edifice, ostensibly to worship, but, too frequently, only to "have honor of men," from the amount of their alms gifts, as well as the length and frequency of their prayers.

As their several contributions to the treasury are deposited, we hear him say to his disciples, when "there came a poor widow and she threw in *two mites*, which make a farthing," "this poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury, for all they did cast in of their abundance, but she, of her want, did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

His life is thus brought into review before us, surrounded by his disciples listening with surprise to his words of wisdom and instruction, or questioning him as to the meaning of his parables, and inquiring *when* his predictions are to be fulfilled. We observe the sternness with which he rebukes the bigotry, hypocrisy and intolerance of the Scribes and Pharisees—the priest and the Levite; or the unbelief, venality and crimes of the Sadducees. But with what mildness does he address the poor, the lowly and the sorrow-stricken. How forgivingly does he remind them of their sins, supply their wants, heal their diseases and relieve their sufferings; making his gospel, indeed, "glad tidings to the poor."

We see the temple, too, in all its grandeur—its extensive courts and colonnaded porticoes—its gilded portals and gorgeous adornments—its "goodly stones," not one of which was to be left standing upon another.

We see the throng of worshippers departing, after having made their sacrificial offerings and paid their vows, or delivered up their accustomed amount of prayer. Among all these, none interest us so much, nor excite our sympathies so strongly, as the "poor widow." We are anxious to penetrate into her history. How long has she been a widow, and by what circumstance did she become so? Is she still in the spring-time of life, like Ruth; or has she, like Naomi, "no longer any hope"? Have length of days and many sorrows made her weary of the world and anxious to "flee away and be at rest"? How came she to be so poor that her whole wealth consisted of the pittance with which she has just parted; and how will she sustain life in the future?

In answer to the latter suggestion we can only surmise that she has heard from the great Master the injunction, "Take no heed for the morrow," and has entire faith that he who provides the young ravens with food, and does not suffer a sparrow to fall unnoticed, will not let her want. We admire such reliance upon the Eternal Providence, and her gift is magnified in our estimation thereby, beyond any which kings or potentates e'er gave. We are anxious to trace her course thereafter. Did she have a home to return to and kind friends to welcome her, or was she without shelter or refuge—alone in the world? Perhaps her life is devoted to the exercise of pious duties until death shall afford a prospect of deliverance from her sorrows; but, of all these inquiries, each must remain unanswered, for none remains to tell us aught concerning her.

We look out from the temple after her veiled figure has left its portals, but she is already lost to sight [illegible] fills the descent from Mount [illegible] along the banks of the Kedron, [illegible] among the tombs of [illegible] kings, none have [illegible] the [illegible] sited in a more humble cemetery, associated in death with the remains of the lowly, though, in their resurrection, they may occupy seats more exalted than those kings who "did evil in the sight of the Lord." Towards the pool of Siloam she may have wandered, but we are unable to distinguish her from others travelling in that direction. It were vain to look for her retiring figure in the market-place, or in the marts of trade where Jews and Gentiles congregate to traffic and to barter that they may cunningly convert their shekels into talents, and be "clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day."

Nor yet need we search for her where learned rabbis are expounding the law and the traditions of the fathers, or unravelling the mysteries of the prophecies of Ezekiel and Daniel, and debating the propriety of paying tribute to Cæsar. She has vanished forever, but of her existence we have full assurance since the gospel asserts the fact, and this silent witness, the *mite*, corroborates it.

Here our reverie is disturbed, and we are recalled to the recollection of surrounding objects by the inquiry, "Have you seen the Japanese coins, and other presents made by the Embassy to the director of the mint?" The spell is dissolved, and we lift our eyes not to behold Mount Olivet, but the peaks and precipices of the Sierra Nevada, displayed upon the walls of the cabinet, to furnish a view of the auriferous regions of California and the labors of the "gold hunter." We step across the chasm of eighteen hundred years, and instead of dreaming of the past, we realize the *present*, in these evidences of its daring enterprise and [illegible] results. Jerusalem and [illegible] away in the distance, but their [illegible] can never be obliterated; nor can all the [illegible] of the Pacific coast, or the [illegible] of Japan make us [illegible] that [illegible] the *widow's mite*.

SCHAMYL IN CAPTIVITY.

[illegible] struggle of Russia to subdue the Caucasus, Schamyl [illegible] was the last of the [illegible] who held out. Prince Dadian, the Prince of [illegible], and one or two others, may, indeed, possess [illegible] shadowy rank, but they are in reality only [illegible] vassals of the Czar. The embers of war may still be here and there smouldering sullenly, as among the Shapsoughs; but the flame which only a few months ago burned so fiercely is extinguished, and when Schamyl at last laid down his arms, the long, hopeless struggle of the warlike tribes who acknowledged him as their chief was felt to be ended.

There is no doubt that a great deal of the personal importance which attached to Schamyl was in the first instance attributable to the ignorance of his enemies. A man, perhaps, of very little previous account among his tribe is often at once raised to supreme power when messengers from a victorious general are sent to treat with him. But the priestly soldier whose wars have just closed so gallantly was no drivelling marabout or fanatic dervish. Though it is difficult to see clearly through the thick haze which shrouds political events among the wild mountains and defiles of the Caucasus, we know enough to excite our interest, and even our respect for him. By paths unknown to European ambition; by dauntless courage, an austere simplicity, rare self-denial, great firmness of purpose, and promptitude in action; by some intrigues, and some cruelties, he raised himself from the humble rank of groom to the Imam Kasy Moullah, to a position of unexampled authority among his countrymen; and he was even believed to possess that saintly character which is usually ascribed by the populace to the possession of supreme power in the East.

A touching and romantic incident made us first acquainted with his personal appearance and manner of life when at home among his mountains. It is a story of as chivalrous an act as that said to have passed between Richard the Lion-hearted and Saladin in the time of the third Crusade: a tale of generous enmity on one side, and noble trust upon the other. Many years ago, the Imam's eldest son, Djemmal Eddin, was taken prisoner by the Russians. His mother, Patimate, died of grief for his loss; but the boy was carefully educated by the late Czar, and loaded with favors. He grew up with all the ideas of a Russian noble and a courtier. But at last his father obtained his exchange for the Princesses Orbeliani and Tchawchawadzé, whose romantic imprisonment at Veden made so much noise. The young man returned to his native mountains, but soon sickened there. He fell into a state of hypochondria, which puzzled all the medicine men and charm-chanters; so, at last, Schamyl sent a messenger to ask aid of the Russians. Colonel the Prince Myrsky was fortunate enough to receive this knightly request, and, to his undying honor, immediately dispatched Dr. Petroffsky, the best surgeon of his regiment, to the young man's aid; but in vain.

According to the most trustworthy information obtainable, Schamyl is now probably about sixty years of age, though, he himself not knowing exactly, this is mere conjecture. He does not look more than forty. He is tall in stature. His countenance is soft, calm, imposing. Its principal characteristic is melancholy; but when the muscles of the face contract, it expresses great energy. His complexion is pale, his eyebrows strongly marked; his eyes are of a dark gray, and usually half shut, like those of a lion reposing. His beard is dyed a reddish brown by henna, and very carefully kept; his mouth is good; lips, red; teeth, small, even, white, and pointed; his hands small, white, and scrupulously attended to. His walk is slow and grave. He looks like a hero.

When at Veden, his ordinary costume was a Lesguian tunic, white or green; a high-pointed cap of sheepskin, white as snow, round which was wound a turban of white muslin, the ends falling behind. The point of the cap was in red cloth, with a black tassel. Embroidered gaiters, and boots of yellow or red leather, covered his legs and feet. On Fridays, when he went to the mosque, he wore a long white or green robe over his ordinary dress; and in winter, a crimson pelisse, lined with black lambskin, protected him from the cold. In war-time, his arms were a sword, a dagger, a pair of pistols, and a gun. Two attendants also rode beside him, each carrying another pair of pistols and a gun for the Imam's use. This post was looked upon as one of high honour among the mountaineers; and if one of these attendants was killed, another immediately replaced him. Schamyl was said to be the best horseman among a race of horsemen, and his horses were the strongest and fleetest which could be procured.

The qualities of the Imam's mind belong to the very highest kind of Asiatic excellence. He prided himself upon his truthfulness. He was sparing of words, patient, sagacious, clear-sighted, politic, charitable; cold in his bearing, but tender-hearted when his affections were roused. He used no titles, but gave and took the "Thee and Thou" with the simplest peasant. He was abstemious, and always ate alone. His food was flour, milk, fruit, rice, honey, tea; he rarely touched meat. He tried to suppress every kind of luxury; and his influence, where that of the greatest potentates of the earth has been proved powerless, was still supreme. Smoking was long as much a necessity to the Circassian as to the Turk; but Schamyl forbade it, and ordered that the money hitherto spent in tobacco should be used to purchase gunpowder. He was obeyed. His morals were pure and he would not tolerate any weakness in others. A Tartar woman, a widow, and childless, lived with a Lesguian who had promised her marriage. She became pregnant. Schamyl had her interrogated, and the truth being made clear, he cut off the heads both of the woman and her paramour. The axe which did execution on this occasion is kept as a curiosity, and is in possession of Field-Marshal the Prince Bariatinsky, viceroy of the Caucasus.

Schamyl had four wives: but of these, Patimate died in 1839, and another he repudiated, because she bore him no children. He allowed his wives no mark of rank or distinction. He was a master rather than a husband.

From 1834 to 1859—for twenty-five years—this mountain chief waged war with the most distinguished captains of Russia, and made the country over which he ruled one of the sternest military schools in the world. His enmity was one which no defeats, losses, or privations could diminish, which no offers, however splendid, could lull to sleep. Till at last, chased from one fastness, hitherto deemed impregnable to another fondly thought more inaccessible still, he looked his farewell at hope from the heights of Ghounib, and surrendered, to save the lives of a mere handful of devoted followers, whom misfortune and disaster had left still true to him. Happily, even warfare has long ceased to be wantonly cruel or vindictive. The captive Imam has been allotted an ample pension and a residence in the town of Kalouga.

Kalouga pleased Schamyl, on account of the woods, hills, and ravines, which remind him of the Caucasus. The house hired for him has three stories. He has kept the upper story for himself, given the middle story to one of his sons, and the lower to another. Of the six rooms on the upper story, four are occupied by his daughters, who live with him—that is two rooms are occupied by each young lady. These six rooms are very simply furnished with large sofas or divans, and are not ornamented with a single [illegible] story, detailed by [illegible] Mahomet and his wife Keri[illegible] [illegible] arrival of [illegible] authorities [illegible] interested him [illegible] Russian soldiers, and visited with much attention the barracks of the regiment in garrison. The contact of this son of nature endowed with a vast and lucid mind, kept in check only by native superstition, with our artificial life is very interesting, as are also his patriarchal manners, and his curious sympathies and antipathies. Strange to all things, knowing nothing of the circumstances which surround him, he shows much tact in his actions; and the words he addressed to M. [illegible] (to whom we are indebted for some of these particulars) when that officer was entering on his functions, are curiously illustrative of the tone of his mind. "When," said the Imam, "it pleases God to make a child an orphan, to replace its mother is given to it a nurse, who ought to feed, dress, wash and keep it from harm. If the child remains in good health, gay, clean and happy, every one praises the nurse: it is said the nurse does her duty and loves the child. But if the orphan is ailing, dirty, sickly, [illegible] the child no blame, but the nurse who has neglected it left it [illegible] and who does not love it. [illegible] a stranger here. [illegible] the old man [illegible] God's will [illegible] a nurse [illegible] the orphan [illegible] I pray you to [illegible] a nurse [illegible] part I will [illegible]"

[illegible]

[illegible] the Imam saw for the first time [illegible] at Kalouga, excited his utmost [illegible] one hand [illegible] till the [illegible] seized a [illegible] in its claws. [illegible] remarked the animal's mode of walking [illegible] indignant, kicked it from before him and ordered Khadijo, one of his [illegible], to drive it out of the room. It was long before he recovered from the disagreeable sensation produced on his mind by this animal. "I never saw such a cowardly animal," he said; "and if I ever fancied the devil, it was in its likeness."

At first, he went a great deal into society, and [illegible], though he disapproved of the dress [illegible] by European gentlemen, and also of the bare shoulders exposed by ladies—the latter being a temptation which mortal man, says the Imam, is too weak to look upon. He liked the theatre, too, and especially the dancing; but the uncovered faces of so many women troubled him, and he soon ceased his attendance. Now, when invited anywhere, he asks if ladies will be present. If the reply is affirmative, he refuses. His religion, he says, teaches him to object to unveiled women. But he is not bigoted on the subject, and is quite willing to discuss it.

The captive Imam still excites some curiosity, but it is rapidly dying away; and he will soon be as little talked of or thought about as Timour Meerza, or Abd-el-Kader.—*Chambers's Journal.*

RADIANT CHRISTIANS.

CHRISTIAN character is not to be known in this world by the repression of imagination, of wit, or of sociality; it is not to be known by the withdrawing of men from an honest sympathy with the ordinary events and experiences of human life. Many persons suppose that when a man becomes converted, he of necessity becomes solemn. They suppose that a Christian is like a man who is looking in a dark pit all the time. They think that there must have been a mistake make in the creation of the mind. But God, when he, in infinite creative wisdom, looked around about and selected the traits for the human soul salient, magnificent among them he put imagination, which is in the mind what a diamond is upon a bosom, sparkling and throwing its light upon every side. And when he put imagination [illegible] that it should sparkle. [illegible], wit [illegible] tants of humor, mirth, and conviviality [illegible] things, was likewise placed in the min[illegible] intention; as was also hope. And these three traits—hope, wit, and imagination—go to constitute what we call the buoyant temperament. But it is supposed by many that while a man is a worldling, while he makes no profession of religion, he may laugh, and carry himself gayly, and sparkle in this direction and in that, and indulge in his quips and witty sayings, and be a radiant, entertaining man; but that when he becomes convicted of sin, and converted, he must put a snuffer over the imagination, shut the door on mirthfulness, and repress all those elements which give hilarity or gayety to life. They think that when a man becomes a Christian, he must be constantly under the influence of veneration and of awe, and that he must think of nothing but the solemnity of the cause that he has espoused, and of his awful responsibility before God.

Now God wants the whole soul. If he had not wanted your wit he would not have put it into you. If he had not wanted your imagination, he would not have put that into you. If he had wanted no stars in the firmament, no stars would have been there. If there is a flower in the world, God wants that flower. If there is a tree on the earth, he wants that tree. And if there is a trait in the human mind, he wants that trait. You may abuse it; you may employ it in infelicitous ways; but these things only have to do with the question of regulation and education. And I aver that the perfect man is the man that has developed all the radiant, joy-breeding, and joy-dispersing traits of his nature. It is a shame to let these traits go to the hands of the adversaries, and exclude them from Christianity.

There is an impression that at home, in their own families, people may be humorous, but that the moment they come together in a prayer-meeting they must be sober, because then they are in the presence of God. Persons say, "How dare you go before God with such feelings?" Because God put such feelings in me to worship him with. I am a minister, this is Sunday, this is a church, and I am preaching a sermon; and if, as I proceed, a witty and mirthful illustration of truth presents itself to my mind I will use it for God's sake. The wit and the mirth will not be improper.

Suppose I should give my organist this command: "When you come to middle C skip it. All the notes above and below that it is proper to use but that is not fit for Sunday, and you must not touch it;" what would you think, but that there was no reason for the command, except the notion in my mind that that was not a Sunday note?

Now, here is the intellect—men say that we may use that for religion; here are the logical and [illegible] logical powers—men say that you may use these in religion; and here is the imagination—men say that you may use that for religion; but when you come to mirthfulness they jump over that, and say it is not a Sunday faculty. I say it is a Sunday faculty, just as much as any of the others. It is right to illustrate truth and serve God by the normal use of any faculty that it has pleased him to put into the human soul. And I protest against that heathenism, gross and demoralizing in the Christian Church, which attempts to confine a man to certain faculties in the exposition of God's royal truths, and the application of them to men; which undertakes to exclude from religion some of the most salient and useful of the faculties. To such an extent has the use of these faculties been disallowed in preaching, that there has come to be this proverb: "Dull as a sermon." Men are brought up from the beginning to think that true preaching is something that has been chewed till it is as dry as a cud; that everything like juice is to be kept out of it; that whatever would tend to make it interesting and sparkling must be excluded from it; that it should be solid and sober. Yes, it should be solid and sober. It should be everything. It should not be merely mirthfulness and of the nature of levity. To make it so would be a sin of the same kind, only in the other extreme, as that of merely making it solid and sober. And I am not pleading for the liberty of poor jests and straining after mirth. I am pleading for nothing but this: regulated and sensible use of each faculty in its own measure and place, in advancing the truth, in destroying error and in stimulating men and bringing them to Christ.

That same train of remark is applicable also to social life. There are a great many persons of whom the complaint is made, "They were glorious fellows till they were converted, and after that they were good for nothing." When they were imperfectly converted. If a man before his conversion was cheerful, jovial and sympathetic, so that he made those about him happy, [illegible] from a man anything that is really good. Christians [illegible] the dispo[illegible] [illegible] under new in[illegible]s, and [illegible] ment which makes them [illegible] sweeter. [illegible] if you were kind before you were converted, you ought to be a great deal [illegible] if you were lovely before you ought to be a great deal more lovely now; if you were pleasant company before, you ought to be a great deal pleasanter company now. It may be that before you were a hail fellow well met, in illicit pleasures and wrong courses, and that now that you have withdrawn from their company, your sinful companions rail at you and accuse you of being less genial than you were then. If so, you can bear their railing accusations. But any traits that are innocent and right and proper, religion should make more and not less eminent.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

DEAD LOVE.

We [illegible]
[illegible]
Why [illegible]?
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

—*Chambers's Journal.* [illegible]

GEMS AND JEWELS.

THERE is nothing in all "the world's furniture" at once so costly and so worthless as a precious stone. The satisfaction which the contemplation of it produces is more superficial than that which is afforded by the meanest flower, for the meanest flower we are told on high authority, may awake thoughts too deep for tears, and the finest diamond or pearl cannot accomplish that. The only value they possess beyond that conferred upon them by fashion arises from their rarity and durability; and even fashion has first to be certified that it is the real thing, and not a counterfeit, upon which she bestows her favor, for pearls have dazzled her, before now, which had never lain in oyster bed, and a bit of rock crystal has more than once eclipsed the treasures of Golconda.

Not long ago, in Brazil, at Villa Rica, a free negro became possessed of a diamond so enormous, that he begged permission to present it himself to the prince regent. A carriage and an escort were forthwith dispatched to take him to court. Blackey threw himself at the regent's feet, and exhibited his diamond. The prince uttered an exclamation of surprise—the lords present were astounded: the stone weighed nearly a pound! The courtiers immediately set to work to find out the number of millions this monstrous jewel was worth. The great stone of Villa Rica, valued at troy weight, made a total of 2,560 carats. Deducting the sixty carats for what little the stone lacked of a pound, there yet remained 2,500 carats. In order to ascertain the commercial value of the stone, the carat must be multiplied by the square. The square of 2,500 is 6,250,000, and estimating the carat at only 150 francs, the common price, we have the sum of 937,500,000 francs; and, as large diamonds are no longer submitted to the tariff, and as their nominal price increases in proportion as they exceed the ordinary dimensions, the Portuguese noblemen probably estimated the stone at two milliards, or, like thorough courtiers, at four. "However this may be, the inestimable jewel was sent to [illegible], with a strong escort, and deposited in [illegible] of gems. As Mr. Mawe was at Rio Janeiro [illegible] this wonderful discovery was made, the minister sent for him, and communicated to him all the particulars regarding the phenomenon; but, at the same time, expressed his private doubts of its reality. The English mineralogist was invited to examine the incomparable brilliant, and fix its value. Furnished with a letter from each minister—without which formality he could not be admitted—Mr. Mawe went through several rooms, and crossed a great hall hung with crimson and gold, in which was a statue of natural size representing Justice with her scales. Finally, he reached a room in which were several chests; three officers, each having a key, opened one of these chests, and the treasurer with much solemnity exhibited the supposed diamond. Before touching the stone, Mr. Mawe had already seen that it was nothing but a piece of rounded crystal; he proved this on the instant by *scratching* it with a real diamond, and this luckless scratch at once annihilated all the millions supposed to have been added to the treasury. The prince regent received the news very philosophically; but poor Blackey, who had come in a carriage, was left to travel back on foot."

The largest real diamond in the world, belonging to the Rajah of Mattan, in Borneo, is still uncut, and weighs 367 carats; it has no rival nearer than the Orloff diamond, of 193 carats. It has never been brought to Europe, though the governor of Batavia once offered to the Rajah 150,000 dollars for it, as well as two large war-brigs, with their guns and ammunition, and a considerable quantity of powder and shot. The number of diamonds in the world above 100 carats' weight, including the two already mentioned, is only six; but the history of each of these—which are called *paragons*—is a romance in itself.

The *Orloff*, according to some accounts, formed one of the eyes of the idol Scheringham, in the temple of Brahma. The fame of these bright eyes having reached a certain French grenadier of Pondicherry, he deserted, adopted the religion and manners of the Brahmins, and subsequently succeeded in escaping with one of the coveted orbs. He sold the jewel to a sea captain for 50,000 francs; the sea captain sold it to a Jew for 300,000; and an Armenian, named Shafrass, bought it for a much larger sum, and disposed of it to Count Orloff, for the Empress Catharine, for 450,000 roubles, and a grant of Russian nobility.

The Regent Diamond is the most perfect, and the finest water of the *paragons*. It originally weighed 400 carats; but the cutting of it as a brilliant, which took two years' labor, and cost £3,000, reduced its size to 137 carats. This diamond, which is also called the *Pitt*, was stolen from Golconda, and sold to the grandfather of the Earl of Chatham, when governor of Fort St. George, in the East Indies, for £20,000, although Pope suggests that that gentleman purloined it from the original thief—

> Asleep and naked, as an Indian lay,
> An honest factor stole the gem away.

The French king purchased it for £92,000, Mr. Pitt reserving the fragments taken off in the cutting; but its value is now estimated at double the price paid for it. This jewel was pawned by Napoleon, made a political bait by Talleyrand to seduce Prussia, and stolen by robbers, who only returned it because of the impossibility of disposing of it without detection. A certain convict in the French galleys for some time enjoyed a high preeminence among his fellows as "the man who had stolen the Regent."

The Star of the South, the largest diamond ever brought from Brazil, was discovered by three wretched men, condemned to perpetual banishment in the wildest part of the interior, but who of course, obtained the revocation of their sentence.

The sixth and last of the *paragon* diamonds is the Koh-i-noor, now weighing but one hundred and two carats, but supposed to have once been the largest ever known, and the same seen by Tavernier among the jewels of the Great Mogul. It is confidently asserted that this famous gem belonged to Karna, king of Anga three thousand years ago. According to Tavernier this gem was presented to Cha-Gehan, the father of Aurungzebe, by Mirzimola, when that Indian general, having betrayed his master, the king of Golconda, took refuge at the court of the Great Mogul. Since it was admired by the French traveller, this diamond has passed through the hands of several Indian princes, and always by violence or fraud. Its last Eastern possessor was the famous Runjeet Singh king of Lahore and Cashmere from whom it passed into the hands of the English on the annexation of the Punjaub; it was brought to London in 1850. The king of Lahore had obtained this jewel in the following manner, having heard that the king of Cabul possessed a diamond that had belonged to the [illegible] jewel. After some show of resistance, he reluctantly acceded to the wishes of his powerful host. The [illegible] a long search, the servant [illegible] the diamond was found concealed beneath a heap of ashes. Runjeet Singh had it set in an armlet between two diamonds, each the size of a sparrow's egg.

According to Mr. Tennant, the great Russian diamond singularly corresponds with the Koh-i-noor so as to suggest that the two once formed a single crystal, and when united, they would, allowing for the detaching of several smaller pieces in the process of cleaving, make up the weight described by Tavernier.

What bloodshed, what heartburnings, what tedious and expensive negotiations have each of these shining pebbles cost its various possessors, and how exceedingly small the gratification of having obtained them at last, independently of the soothing thought that nobody else has got them! It it were not useless to lift up one single voice against an almost universal custom, we would ask what more barbarous and outlandish usage can be imagined than that which obtains amongst even our king's daughters and most honorable women, of drilling a hole in the lobes of their ears for the reception of a jewel? and why are they so ready to exclaim "savage" against a maiden who has similarly pierced her nose? [illegible] When the ring was brought to him, however, a diamond covered the [illegible]. The [illegible] taken out of the setting and sent back to the giver. The prince, determined not to be outdone, caused the stone to be ground to dust, which he used to dry the ink of the letter he wrote to him on the subject.

As to the assumption of gems with dress, the [illegible] which Madame de [illegible] gives us in this volume are of a nature to make [illegible] though [illegible] means the only [illegible]. The court suit of King James's [illegible] the Duke of Buckingham cost no less than [illegible]. Nay, to come quite close to our own times, when Murat took refuge in Corsica after the fall of the empire, although he had no money but 10,000 francs, which he carried in his belt, the band around his hat was worth 20,000, one of his epaulets, 50,000; while he carried about with him two diamonds valued at 200,000 francs. In all ages, in short, and in all countries, this passionate admiration for precious stones has been exceedingly remarkable; and they have been used in Holy Writ itself for the most solemn comparisons, and to denote the highest degree of perfection—the New Jerusalem being revealed to St. John under the figure of an edifice with a wall of jaspar, while each of its twelve doors was a single pearl.

In the Talmud, it is asserted that the ark was lit only by precious stones—so that the famous question of "Where was Noah when his candle went out?" would seem to be to the last degree unauthorized and extravagant. From the same venerable pages we learn that one object in nature is alone to be esteemed of higher value than pearls—namely, a pretty woman. "On approaching Egypt, Abraham locked Sarah in a chest that none might behold her dangerous beauty. But when he was come to the place of paying custom, the collector said, 'Pay us the custom.' And he said, 'I will pay the custom.' They said to him, 'Thou carriest clothes,' and he said, 'I will pay for clothes.' Then they said to him, 'Thou carriest gold,' and he answered them, 'I will pay for my gold.' On this they further said to him, 'Surely thou bearest the finest silk'; he replied, 'I will pay custom for the finest silk.' Then said they, 'Surely it must be pearls that thou takest with thee,' and he only answered, 'I will pay for pearls.' Seeing that they could name nothing of value for which the patriarch was not willing to pay custom, they said, 'It cannot be but thou open the box, and let us see what is within.' So they opened the box, and the whole land of Egypt was illumined by the lustre of Sarah's beauty—far exceeding even that of pearls.'"

And this pretty story in connection with "gems and jewels" is the only piece of sentiment or poetry which we remember to have been shed upon the custom-house authorities of any nation.—*Chambers's Journal.*

CHINESE ANIMAL LIFE.

CHINESE horses are not numerous, and are of a poor and stunted breed, being very ill fed and kept. The Chinese are indebted to the Tartars for their supply of these animals when wanted for warlike purposes. Asses and mules are common. The latter are generally of a good size, and said to bear a higher price than horses, as being capable of more labor with less food. Of pachydermatous animals, the domestic pig of China is well known in England, and has been freely introduced into our farmyards. The larger and more ferocious descriptions of carnivorous quadrupeds are not common in a country so well peopled and cultivated. Bears are said to be found in the wooded parts west of Pekin. There is a fierce description of wild cat, which is caught and fattened in cages for the table. The domestic dog of China is uniformly one variety, about the size of a moderate spaniel, of a pale yellow, and occasionally a black color, and coarse bristly hair on the back; sharp, upright ears, and peaked head, not unlike a fox's, with a tail curled over the rump. The sheep are the large tailed kind; and, as the people never use milk, cows are rare and of a peculiarly small kind. Goats are everywhere. The buffalo used in ploughing is also very small, with a skin of a slate color, and very thinly covered with hair. Dromedaries are used as beasts of burden. Of rodent animals, the common rat attains to an unusual size, and is eaten by the lowest orders of the natives. Hares and rabbits are scarce. The ornithology of China is distinguished by some splendid varieties of gallinaceous birds, as the golden and silver pheasants. Partridges do not appear to be very plentiful. Domestic fowls abound; and sparrows, thrushes larks, tits, finches, swallows, etc., are common. It is well stocked with wildfowl of all kinds. From the nature of this part of the country there are immense flocks of wild geese ducks, etc., constantly on the wing. Quails are numerous, and are trained to fight. Ringdoves are common; and there is a peculiar crow of the country, marked with white about the neck. Both large and small birds of prey are to be seen everywhere. In consequence of the large population and traffic, venomous serpents, I believe are scarcely met with. The lizard tribes abound, also scorpions, centipedes, and monstrous spiders, which are said to kill small birds. The common fly is an awful pest. They beggar description, they darken a room or tent, and when you are eating, they dispute every morsel with you, and fly into your mouth, getting down your throat if they can. The eyes, ears and nose are continually attacked by them. As to mosquitoes, I had enough of these gentry at Hong Kong; if they dwelt here along with the flies, the country would be absolutely unbearable. Butterflies are of a gigantic size and very brilliant colors. Almost every fish common to England is to be found here. But the golden carp and sturgeon are of the most distinguished kinds. The best edible sea fish is rock cod. Shell fish are very fine and plentiful. At the head of Chinese botany may be placed the tea plant. It is extensively cultivated a few miles to the west of Pekin but the great tea districts lie further south.—*Letter from a Medical Officer.*

CICERO'S STYLE.—He was a perfect master of a difficult art, which he had acquired by great labor, and which he practised to the end of his life. In clearness, fulness, life, and energy his style has never been surpassed. The only fault is that he sometimes has too much of the florid Asiatic style, and that his metaphors, which are abundant, are not always consistent with propriety and good taste. But this is a fault of the Latin language, which is not fond of metaphor, and one of the main reasons why Latin is sometimes difficult to understand, and often very difficult to translate. Cicero's best orations are inferior to nothing that the Greeks have left and in some respects I think that they are superior. He handled the matter that was before him with the most perfect skill. He could confute a thing if he chose, and make a whole sophistry which it is almost impossible to disentangle. What he wished to make clear he could state in the simplest, plainest, and most forcible way, and he generally did it in the best sentences. His way of telling a story or an anecdote is the best that could [illegible] venomous. His argumentative [illegible] handling given facts [illegible] way of he wanted for his [illegible] all that [illegible] admirable an[illegible] [illegible]'s Or[illegible]

NEW SERIES OF TRACTS,

PUBLISHED BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

AND TO BE OBTAINED AT THE

Anti-Slavery Offices, 5 Beekman street, New York; 107 Fifth street Philadelphia; 15 Steuben street, Albany; and 221 Washington street Boston.

No. 1. Correspondence between Lydia Maria Child and Governor Wise and Mrs. Mason, of Virginia. [illegible] cents.

No. 2 Victor Hugo on American Slavery, with letters of other distinguished individuals [illegible] Tocqueville, Mazzini, Humboldt, La[illegible] 5 cents.

No. 3. An Account of some of the Principal [illegible] rections during the last two [illegible] Joshua Coffin. 5 cents.

No. 4. The New Reign of Terror in the [illegible] States, for 1859–60. 10 cents.

No. 5. Daniel O'Connell on American Slavery [illegible] other Irish Testimonies. [illegible] cents.

No. 6. The Right Way the Safe Way, [illegible] cipation in the West Indies and [illegible] L. Maria Child. 10 cents.

No 7. Testimonies of Capt. John Brown at Harper's Ferry, with his Address to the Court. [illegible]

No. 8. The Philosophy of the Abolition Movement. By Wendell Phillips. 5 cents.

No. 9. The Duty of Disobedience to the [illegible] Law: An Appeal to the Legislators of Massachusetts. By L. Maria Child. [illegible]

No. 10. The Infidelity of Abolitionism. By Wm. Lloyd Garrison. 3 cents.

No. 11. Speech of John Hossack, convicted of violation of the Fugitive Slave Law [illegible] 3 cents.

No. 12. The Patriarchal Institution as described by Members of its Own Family. Compiled by L. Maria Child. 5 cents.

No. 13. No Slave-Hunting in the Old Bay State: An Appeal to the People and Legislature of Massachusetts. [illegible] cents.

No. 15. The Fugitive Slave Law and its Victims. By Rev. Samuel May, Jr. Revised and enlarged edition. 15 cents single; $10 a hundred.

A deduction of fifty per cent. will be made when a dozen or more copies are taken. Gratuitous copies will be sent by mail for examination on receipt of postage charge.

Advertisements.

THE BRITISH REVIEWS AND BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

1. THE LONDON QUARTERLY (Conservative).
2. THE EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig).
3. THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free Church).
4. THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Liberal).
5. BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE [illegible].

TERMS.

	Per annum
For any one of the four Reviews	[illegible]
For any two of the four Reviews	[illegible]
For any three of the four Reviews	[illegible]
For all four of the Reviews	[illegible]
For Blackwood's Magazine	[illegible]
For Blackwood and one Review	[illegible]
For Blackwood and two Reviews	[illegible]
For Blackwood and three Reviews	[illegible]
For Blackwood and the four Reviews	[illegible]

N. B. The price in Great Britain of the five [illegible] named is $31 per annum.

Republished by LEONARD SCOTT & Co., No. 54 Gold st., New York.

COLDS! COUGHS!

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

CURE COUGH, COLD, HOARSENESS, INFLUENZA, IRRITATION OR SORENESS OF THE THROAT, RELIEVE THE HACKING COUGH IN CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, AND CATARRH, CLEAR AND GIVE STRENGTH TO THE VOICE OF PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SINGERS.

Few are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "COMMON COLD" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon attacks the lungs. "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are a most valuable article, especially at this season of the year, when *Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Hoarseness and Sore Throat* are so prevalent. The Troches give sure and almost immediate relief. Sold by all Druggists in the United States, at 25 cents a box.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES, WITH IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS, AT REDUCED PRICES. OFFICE, No. 505 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

"This Machine makes the 'LOCK-STITCH,' and ranks highest on account of the elasticity, permanence, beauty, and general desirableness of the stitching when done, and the wide range of its application."—*Report of American Institute, N. Y.*

This Report was in accordance with the awards at the Fair of the UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY; at the Fairs of the

American Institute, New York,
Mechanic's Association, Boston,
Franklin Institute, Philadelphia,
Metropolitan Mechanics' Institute, Washington,
Mechanics' Institute, Baltimore,
Mechanics' Association, Cincinnati,
Kentucky Institute, Louisville,
Mechanical Association, St. Louis,
Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco;

at the State Fairs of Maine, Vermont, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Tennessee, Illinois, Kentucky, Michigan, Wisconsin, California, and at hundreds of County Fairs.

Philadelphia Advertisements.

EDWARD N. HALLOWELL,
COAL DEALER,
OFFICE,
133 WALNUT STREET, BELOW SECOND,
PHILADELPHIA.

BOARDING HOUSE.—Respectable persons can be accomodated with genteel boarding, transient or permanent, by applying to the subscriber, No. 822 South street, below Ninth, Philadelphia. WILLIAM STILL.

CARD.—ANNA M. LONGSHORE POTTS, M. D., Practising Physician, No. 661 North-Tenth street, Philada., Pa. All cases in Medicine and Surgery treated with the approved remedies, and most modern aids and appliances known to the sciences. Especial attention given to Obstetrics and diseases of women and children.

WM. HEACOCK'S FURNITURE WARE-ROOMS, No. 18 N. Ninth street, above Market, Philadelphia. Furniture made, repaired, varnished and upholstered. Mattresses made and repaired. Blinds, &c., put up and taken down. Removals and Packing of Furniture carefully attended to.

KENDERDINE & JUSTICE, Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, S. W. corner of Garden and Seventh streets, Phila. Constantly on hand a general assortment of hardware, cutlery, &c., at the lowest cash prices, wholesale or retail. Particular attention paid to furnishing hardware for buildings.
JOSEPH R. KENDERDINE, WARNER JUSTICE.

PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for his superiority over all others in the manufacture of Travelling Trunks; Carpet Bags, Valices, Gun Shoes, Coaches [illegible] and sole leather, steel spring, iron frames, iron-bound Trunks [illegible] descriptions, of the best materials and workmanship. [illegible] Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices.
THOS. W. MATTSON, Trunk Manufacturer, 130 Market street, S. W. corner Fourth, Phila.

A LARGE assortment of SALAMANDER SAFES, of various sizes, always on hand, at No. 26 [illegible], Philadelphia. Warranted equal to any made in the [illegible]. EVANS & WATSON, thankful for past favor, respectfully [illegible] continuance of the same. Please give us a call before [illegible] elsewhere. Patent slate-lined refrigerators, water [illegible] large assortment always on hand.
N. B. Sole agency for Butterworth's [illegible] door locks. These locks bid defiance to all [illegible].

CONFECTIONERY—REMOVAL.—Leatitia Bull respectfully informs her friends and the public that she has removed to No. 162 North Sixth street below Race, opposite her old stand, where she is prepared to furnish ice creams, water ices, jellies, cakes, candies, &c., of every description, and warranted to give [illegible] rials, all the produce of free labor, and warranted to give satisfaction. Parties and families furnished at shortest notice. Orders sent to any part of the city.

Equality to all! Uniformity of Prices! A new feature in Business. Every one his own Salesman.

JONES & Co., of the Crescent One Price Clothing Store, No. 200 Market street, above 6th, in addition to having the largest, most varied and fashionable stock of clothing in Philadelphia, made expressly for retail sales, have constituted every one his own salesman, by having marked in figures, on each article, the very lowest price it can be sold for, so they cannot [illegible] all must buy alike. The goods are all well sponged and great pains taken with the making, so that all can buy with a full assurance of getting a good article at the very lowest [illegible]. Remember the Crescent, in Market, above 6th, No. 200. JONES & Co.

SIGN of the MAMMOTH PEN, No. 72 N. Fourth street (2d door below Arch), Phila., wholesale and retail stationery. Blank books, &c., which we will sell lower than the usual prices. English, French and American cap, letter and note papers, envelopes, sealing wax, plain and fancy wafers of every description, superior gold and steel pens, ink and inkstands, sand boxes, wafer paper weights, plain and fancy penholders, drawing pencils, books, Bristol board, tracing paper, impression paper, tissue paper, visiting and wedding cards, pocket books, portfolios, bankers' diaries, &c.; envelopes at 10 cents per 100 and 90 cents per 1000; mercantile firms, insurance companies, banks, &c., furnished with blank books to order, of the best materials and workmanship.
FRIENDS' MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES (a new Plate).
CLOTHIER & [illegible]
72 N. Fourth street, below Arch.

TO THOSE WHO ARE UNWILLING TO SUPPORT SLAVERY.—During the last twelve years a store of free labor goods has been kept at the N. W. corner of Fifth and Cherry streets in this city, for the convenience of those who wish to avoid the use of the fruits of slavery. It will scarcely be denied that the rejection of slave labor cotton, sugar and rice is a good testimony against slavery—fully as influential against that system as a refusal to pay militia fines or to purchase prize goods is against war. To those who are willing to make a sacrifice, if need be, to consistency, convictions on the latter subject, and their influence in behalf of testimony against slavery? This is the only Grocery kept by a Friend in this city. Much care is taken to keep good Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Coffees, Teas, Cocoa, Chocolate, Rice, Spices, Fruit, &c., and a variety of Dry Goods. The proprietor wishes to sell as low as he can [illegible]. With double the patronage, prices could be [illegible] article could be sold as low as at [illegible] Those who are [illegible]